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THE OLD LETTER AND THE FADED VIOLET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY ALFRETON HERVEY.

A little, faded violet, and nothing more,
Pressed closely in the leaves of an old letter.
I look upon it, now that I'm fourscore,
And mind me when I was but twenty-four,
And Love first bound me with its golden fetter.

The letter now is old and damp and musty,
And my once raven locks are thin and gray;
For I am now a bachelor, old and crusty,
And not, as I once was, both hale and lusty—
Alas! I fear me, not for many a day.

'Tis strange a letter and a faded flower
Should such sad memories anew awaken;
But, though my limbs have lost their early power,
My heart still beats as quickly in this hour
As 't did of old, when first with Love 'twas shaken.

Who sent me this? Ah! well do I remember
The fair, false idol that I worshiped then;
'Twas Springtime then, but now 'tis cold December,
And of my heart's old love a dying ember
Just faintly sparkles, and I love again.

Why does my heart, its old love not forgetting,
Still beat as hotly as it did of yore?
Why is it, still the vanished past regretting,
I cannot rid me of this sin besetting,
This sin of loving her I loved before?

The fragrance of this violet has departed,
The loving faith this letter tells is gone;
And, though I now am old, my blood once started
To hear her low, sweet voice as it imparted
To me fond ear its sweet and cruel tone.

Perhaps 'tis best that I should burn this letter;
Perhaps I should this violet destroy;
Ah me! I surely think it would be better—
No more should I then with my love be debtor,
And, though I'm old, once more I might know joy.

But no, I cannot bring myself to burn them—
They bring my happy days too strongly back.
I'll keep them safely, nor will ever spurn them,
But tenderly I'll to my desk return them,
And thus relieve my brain from memory's rack.

RUBY:

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

[*Entered in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year* 1878.]

CHAPTER X.—RUBY REFUSES TO SEE MARK.

Mark had passed a sleepless night in the grand house uptown. He had not retired until late, and his thoughts had been of so distracting a nature that he had sought slumber in vain. He was feverishly anxious for the night to come, when he could again see Ruby and hear the dreaded recital, the thought of which had caused him so much uneasiness. It might be nothing so terrible, after all. Women were prone to exaggerate such matters. Why not go down to Jackson square and take lunch that day? He had a perfect right to do so, and he would have an opportunity of seeing Ruby, even though he did not speak to her. But he reconsidered this self-made proposition, and vetoed it. He would see her at the theatre, not before. So he sat down in the library, with some of the latest periodicals for company, and was soon absorbed in reading. A knock at the door aroused him.

The staid serving-man appeared.

"A gentleman, sir. Didn't send his name, as he said you wouldn't know it. Important private business, he said, sir."

"You can show him in here, Daniel," said Mark, yawning. "By Jove! I must have been reading for hours."

The servant soon reappeared, and ushered in the tall detective.

"Mr. Mark Hatfield, I believe, sir?"

"The same, sir."

The detective's next remark was an exceedingly ingenious one, or would have been had he not been upon the wrong scent.

"I have a message from Mrs. Waring. I have just left her."

Mark bowed coldly. He hardly fancied this unknown gentleman's intrusion upon him, charged with a communication from an almost entire stranger.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing the lady, except by sight. Singular that she should have sent *me* a message," said Mark.

The detective saw that his ruse had failed. Mark had shown no signs of agitation when the dead woman's name was mentioned. He was either a very excellent actor or an innocent man! The style of the dwelling and the richness of Mark's surroundings satisfied him that he had made a mistake.

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Hatfield," he said. "I am a detective. Mrs. Waring was murdered in her bed this morning by some person at present unknown."

Mark sprang to his feet with a look of terror.

"Mrs. Waring murdered!" he exclaimed. "Poor, poor lady!"

The detective then proceeded to tell the story with which our readers are already familiar, to which Mark listened with the deepest attention. The narrator concluded in these words:

"I will state now my motive in calling upon you, Mr. Hatfield. You had taken rooms in that house under circumstances which were, to say the least, mysterious, and you were not in them at the time of the murder. It was natural that I should remark these two facts, and I did so. But since I have seen you and your home I am satisfied that I have made a mistake, and must ask you to pardon my intrusion."

"You are acting in the interests of justice, sir," replied Mark, "and that is a sufficient excuse. My servant, whose room adjoins mine, can testify to my having entered this house about midnight, and not having left it since."

The detective bowed, and rose.

"I can see plainly, sir, without his evidence, that you could have had no motive for such a crime. The renting of the room, although a little peculiar, seems by the light of Miss Ray's testimony to be sensible enough."

Mark flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Has Miss Ray mentioned my object in doing so?" he asked hastily.

"Most unwillingly, sir, I assure you, and only under a kind of compulsion. We examined everybody in the house."

Poor Ruby! Was it not enough that she should be surrounded by such horrors, without having her pure little heart laid bare, and its secret given to the world? He felt a great pang of pity and love, and longed to clasp her in his arms and whisper words of comfort. He accompanied the detective to the door.

"You must call upon me, if I can be of any assistance in this matter," he said, as the visitor was departing. "I shall always be found here."

The detective thanked him and left the house.

Mark dressed himself hastily, having been previously attired in a rich dressing-gown (the gift of one of the hopeful society belles), and was soon hastening in the direction of Mrs. Peasely's. He had no very clear idea as to what he should do when he reached there, except to offer a few words of sympathy to the stricken man, and then endeavor to obtain an interview with Ruby and learn all that had been said of him in his absence. For he chafed under even a shadow of such criminality as had been momentarily attributed to him, and wished to see whether the detective's suspicion had been shared by anyone else. He found the bell-handle heavily draped in crape, and, knowing the uselessness of endeavoring to attract attention by pulling it, he tried the door, and, finding it unlatched, entered the house. Here the first person whom he met was Mr. Puff, shuffling along the hall in a pair of enormous carpet slippers, and bearing a jug of hot water. He brightened up at the sight of Mark, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, guided him with a mysterious air into the gloomy parlor, having first deposited the hot water upon the lower stair.

"There's a marvel of assininity and pigheaded conceit looking for you," he said in a low voice, "who is called by courtesy a detective."

"I have seen him," rejoined Mark with a slight smile. "He called at my residence this morning. His suspicions were natural, I think, but, as I soon convinced him, wrong."

"Of course," ejaculated the comedian, with contempt. "That fellow couldn't detect a white cat on a black fence."

"This is a sad affair," said Mark.

"It *is* that, and mysterious, too."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, isn't it singular that one man could succeed in quieting two people in a house like this, and nothing be heard. I was awake nearly all the night. Waring says that he cried out, but *I* didn't hear anything, and my room is just above theirs."

Mark was thoughtful for a moment.

"The noise of the rain might have drowned the outcry," he said at length.

"Yes, it *might*. Oh, by the way, Hatfield, no offense now, but it all came out this morning, what your object was in coming here."

Mark's foot beat a rapid tattoo of vexation.

"Mind you, I admire your taste. She's a charming little creature, and would be a treasure for anyone. But—you'll not be offended, will you? Between man and man, you know—she's far too good to be trifled with—now, isn't she?"

Mark understood the feeling which actuated this remark too well to quarrel with the man who uttered it. He was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Puff, old friends are not always the truest. Although we know each other but slightly, yet there is something so genuine in your manner, and you speak so highly of Miss Ray, that I am tempted to confide in you."

"Your confidence shall never be betrayed by me, sir," returned Mr. Puff, with a little flush of gratified pride.

"It *was* to see Miss Ray that I came to this house. I have the greatest admiration, not only for her beauty, but for her many graces of mind and heart. I have no intention of trifling with her, and, to convince you of this, let me say that I asked her to be my wife no later than last night."

Mr. Puff concentrated all his strength upon a prolonged and sonorous whistle, but found time to grasp Mark's hand and shake it violently.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said when his mouth had resumed its natural shape, "and her also."

"Your congratulations are a trifle premature. She declined the offer."

Mr. Puff had not the strength to attempt another whistle. So he stared at Mark with a look of intense astonishment.

"You have my permission," said the latter, rising, "to state the fact of my offer to whoever you may think proper. Miss Ray's reputation must not suffer in any way through being identified with me."

As he was leaving the room he encountered the fair Cleopatra, attired in a splendid morning-wrapper, and wearing, if anything, a trifle more rouge.

"Oh, isn't this awful business, Mr. Hatfield," she said gushingly. "Burglary and murder and what not—the house full of coroners and policemen and all kinds of dreadful creatures. Oh, *did* you hear what that ridiculous Miss Rav said about you this morning?"

Mark bowed gravely.

"It was quite true," he said.

Cleopatra gave a little gasp, and then brushed past him with a look of contempt, her nose high in the air. Mark knocked at Mrs. Peasely's door, and that matron responded, looking worn and worried.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Hatfield? You'll excuse my not asking you in, but the room is all at sixes and sevens. I suppose you've heard of the dreadful goings-on? Come into the parlor."

"I should like, if it were possible, to speak a few words to Mr. Waring," said Mark.

"Yes, of course. Poor man, he feels dreadful. I'll go up and see if he can see you."

She soon returned, with a little extra cloud upon her face.

"He isn't over and above pleasant, sir, and that's a fact. But he said if you insisted upon coming up, he supposed you must."

"I would not intrude upon him at such a time," said Mark as he ascended the stairs, "except that I owe it to myself to see him."

A gruff "Come in" answered his knock, and he stood in the room containing the living and the dead. Waring sat in his accustomed seat before the fire, and eyed his visitor with an expression of malevolence. Mark bowed, and, walking gently to the bed, gazed with a feeling of pity upon the pale, cold features of the murdered woman. Then he spoke:

"My object in coming, sir, was not only to pay a tribute of respect to the dead and of sympathy to you, but also to ask an important question."

"Please, then, be brief, sir," replied the broker in an insulting tone. "The visits of comparative strangers are always objectionable to me, and doubly so at such a time as this."

Mark felt a thrill of indignation at this studied affront, but controlled himself in the presence of death.

"A detective who called on me this morning," he said quietly, "for a short time suspected me in connection with this dreadful affair, but has discovered his mistake. Allow me to ask if you shared in his suspicions?"

The broker did not answer for some moments. This man was a favored admirer of Ruby's, of whom he could think with a sensual hope even while the dead body of his wife was yet unburied. It would be something to humiliate the man who perchance had won the heart of the girl who had repulsed *him*. So he fixed his keen eyes upon Mark's face, and said in a measured tone:

"I prefer not to answer."

Mark was nearly maddened at the villain's audacious reply, but kept his temper with an enormous effort, and walked to the door.

"At some more appropriate time, sir," he said with a well-simulated coolness, "I shall remind you of your words."

The broker bowed with mocking politeness, and Mark left the room. In the hall below he encountered Sarah, looking a perfect photograph of care. He handed her his card and said:

"Please take that to Miss Ray's room, and ask if she will grant me the favor of an interview in the parlor on a matter of importance."

The girl took the card and trudged wearily up the stairs to Ruby's room, crossing herself devoutly as she passed the broker's apartment. In a few moments she returned.

"Miss Ray says will you please excuse her, sir? She can't see no one."

Mark was petrified.

"There must be some mistake. You couldn't have delivered my message correctly."

"Oh, but I did, sir."

"Is she ill?"

"No, sir; she is sitting up. She don't seem to be sick."

"Go up again, that's a good girl. Tell her it's Mr. Hatfield, and he wants to see her on a matter of great importance," and he slipped a half-dollar into the hand of the amiable Sarah.

Again did she toil up the stairs, and again did she return.

"No mistake, sir. She's very sorry, but she can't see nobody."

In a fit of anger Mark dashed from the house, and had walked fully a block before he realized in which direction he was going. Then he turned his steps homeward in a very unhappy frame of mind. Could it be possible that *she* believed him to be a robber—a murderer? If not, why did she refuse to meet him? His mind became a chaos of conflicting thoughts, and he almost cursed the infatuation which had brought him so much misery. Once more he would see her, he was determined on that, and then, if no consolation or hope was the result, he would strain every nerve to forget her.

CHAPTER XI.

BEHIND THE SCENES ONCE MORE.

With Ruby the hours had passed wretchedly enough. Her grief was so deep, so profound, that she had shut herself in her room after the examination, and there she had remained until it was time to go to the theatre. She had heard Mr. Puff's cheery voice in the hall below informing Mrs. Weldon that the suspicion against Mark was discovered to be groundless, and she had thanked Heaven that an innocent man had not been entrapped in the meshes of so hideous a crime. She had received Mark's request, and had refused it because she had no strength for the interview. She knew that he would ply her with questions which she dared not answer, and so she had let him go away, thinking whatever he would, though she longed to hear the sound of his voice and feel the grasp of his manly, honest hand.

She drank a cup of tea sent up by the thoughtful landlady, and at seven o'clock crept nervously into the street and bent her steps to the old, familiar stage-door. Was it really but twenty-four hours since she had last entered it? It seemed fully a week. How fruitful of adventure and excitement had been the past two days! She sighed wearily as she ascended the dressing-room stairs. She did so hope that she should be the first there, that she might get dressed, steal away, and avoid the chatter of the other girls. But it was not to be. Two noisy, good-natured young ladies were already there, and were enlivening the occupation of putting on their tights with a rapid flow of talk.

"Oh, here's Ruby now. Do tell us all about it, dear. It's in all the papers to-night. Wasn't it awful? How you must have enjoyed it!" and so on, *ad lib.*

Ruby put up her little hand in meek protest. "Please don't ask me anything about it girls. I've heard of nothing else all day. I'm so tired, and I *can't* talk."

She walked to her dressing-place, and proceeded to attire herself for the performance. She had three "changes" during the evening, her first costume being the charming "Gretchen" dress that I have already described, her second a short coat of silver mail fitted to the figure and worn with glittering tights spangled with jeweled stars, and her third the gorgeous fairy robe of white-and-gold colored satin and lace, the beauty of which defies description. In company with others of the girls she had protested against the unusual shortness of the dresses which had been made by a Parisian costumer for the sole purpose of showing the forms of the wearers, and they had been grimly informed that, if they were not prepared to don the objectionable garments, others could be found who were! This was tantamount to a discharge, which none of the girls were prepared to accept, and so they had reluctantly yielded to necessity.

The dressing-room was an apartment of about twelve feet square, built up of unpainted boards, and having a shelf of rough planking running along each side, on which were placed small mirrors and materials for "making up." On either side of each mirror projected a gas-jet carefully covered with a wire-screen as a preventive of fire. Skirts, tights, caps and "trunks" hung on the walls, and a miscellaneous collection of shoes, boots and slippers littered the floor. All the garments used by the ballet in this play were furnished by the theatre, the girls being obliged to buy only their own "make-up," and in some cases their tights.

There were a few moments of silence, but it was not in the nature of these young ladies to remain quiet long. They were both very pretty—one a tall, handsome brunette, with large black eyes and teeth of dazzling whiteness; the other a pronounced blonde—*so* pronounced, in fact, that many of the company had boldly asserted that she was "bleached," which she had denied with great indignation. This golden-haired damsel opened the conversation.

"I got another note to-day, Jennie."

"From the same party?"

"Yes; he's dead-gone. Wanted me to meet him to-day at three o'clock, corner of Broadway and Bond street."

"Did you go?"

"Well, no, I didn't exactly *go*. I did go out shopping on Broadway, though, and passed Bond street, just to see if I could see anything of him. He was there, sure enough. Looked awful sweet. Black, curly hair, and dressed splendid. He caught sight of me, and so I had to speak to him. He says he's 'in front' every night."

"What's his name?"

"Charles De Verney. Doesn't it sound aristocratic?"

Ruby had to smile a little in spite of herself as she heard this.

"That's the same gentleman who wrote to me a week since," she said quietly.

"Is it, indeed?" was "golden-hair's" response. "Well, it isn't, then. Or, if it is, the letter was meant for me. He told me that he had never admired any girl till he saw me."

Ruby returned to her dressing, but was not allowed to be quiet long.

"Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!"

The repetition of these exclamations caused her to look up, and she saw the yellow-haired fascinator holding up a hand, on the index-finger of which sparkled a small diamond.

"Oh, where *did* you get it?" exclaimed the enraptured Jennie.

"He gave it to me to-day. Isn't it lovely? And he wants me to go out riding with him on Sunday."

"I wouldn't go, Susie, if I were you," said Ruby kindly.

"Oh, I don't think I shall. Mother would make an awful fuss if she found it out. I don't know what I shall do about the ring, as it is. I'll have to hide it when I go home."

"Why not return it?" said Ruby.

"Indeed, then, I won't. It's worth seventy-five or a hundred dollars, for I went into a jeweler's afterwards and had it valued. If he's fool enough to give away such things, I'm wise enough to take 'em!"

The orchestra had just finished the spirited overture as the three girls clattered down the stairs in their wooden shoes, and took their positions in the "fourth entrance right." Ruby's heart was very heavy. She felt more like going to her bed than appearing upon the brilliantly lighted stage. She went through the little required of her in the first act with a dazed feeling, a "far-away" sensation, of which so many of us have been sensible in moments of mental agitation. By the time the second act was over she had grown so ill that she sought out the stage-manager to obtain permission to return home, as she felt the impossibility of remaining until the close of the performance. She found that functionary at the "prompt-place," in the act of severely lecturing one of the "ladies of the ballet" for casting too many glances at some favored admirer in the front of the house. Having discharged this duty, he listened somewhat impatiently to Ruby's request.

"Well, if you must go, of course there's no help for it. You do look used-up, and that's a fact. It's a little awkward, though."

"Katie's willing to take my place in the transformation, sir."

"I dare say she is; but I'm not willing to have her. Must have the prettiest woman in the theatre for that centre-piece. I'll send Miss Johnson on, and Katie can take *her* place. You can go."

Ruby thanked him, and dragged herself up the long stairs to the dressing-room. While she is robing for the street, a word as to that important but seldom-seen functionary, the stage-manager. Behind the scenes he is "monarch of all he surveys." Even the manager's voice partakes somewhat of deference when in this realm of paint, canvas and colored fires. Your true stage-manager is generally an autocrat. He has to be so in order to preserve that discipline which is as necessary upon the stage as in the ranks of a regiment. If he is good-tempered and yielding, he finds that the actors mistake it for ignorance and fear, and are only too ready to take advantage of it. So he prefers to be a martinet, though by doing so he gains the reputation of being a "heartless tyrant" and an "unfeeling brute," but, as I have said, keeps the discipline of the theatre up to the highest standard. An example: As Ruby turned from the stage-monarch, the prompter took her place.

"Miss Duval missed a scene, sir."

"Her second offense, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Said she fell asleep in her dressing-room, and nobody woke her."

"It's her business to keep awake. She shouldn't go out to so many late suppers. Fine her a dollar."

"All right, sir."

"If she objects, discharge her, and get somebody else. Here, I'm called away for a minute—take my place. Pull that warning-bell for the star-trap at the right time, or that fellow'll break his neck."

"All right, sir."

"And see th t the red calcium shines on both of Satan's wings. It lit up only one last night."

"Yes, sir."

"And tell those supers if I catch them laughing again in that front scene I'll discharge the lot."

"All right, sir."

"And in the march put Miss Wilkins in the back line. She doesn't light up well."

"Yes, sir."

"I guess that's all, unless you happen to see old Bolinski. If you do, tell him we must rehearse the new ballet on Tuesday, and I guess we can make room for his daughter."

"All right, sir," responded the deputy; and the great man walked thoughtfully away.

Ruby found one of the "supers" who kindly consented to see her to her home, and left the theatre an hour before her usual time. She thought of her appointment with Mark, but was not sorry to have a means of evading it. Indeed, she doubted whether he would come after the rebuff he had received.

"It is better so," she sighed, as she sat down in her little room. "The dream was sweet while it lasted. It is God's will that it should end, and I ought to be content; but oh! my heart is so heavy."

She laid her head upon the pillow and cried softly. It was in this position that Mrs. Peasely found her.

"Dear heart," said the good dame, as she put her arm around Ruby's neck and patted her soothingly. "Don't give way like this. Though it's natural you should be all worn-out, and that's a fact. And you must be sick, or you wouldn't be home as early as this." She glanced at the girl's pale face. "Why, we shall have you sick abed, my dear, if you aint looked after. Let me put you to bed, do, and send you up a nice bowl of boneset tea, and you'll be as gay as a lark in the morning."

Ruby feebly consented, and kissed her kind companion, who assisted her to disrobe, talking vigorously all the time.

"There's been an inquest, and they've brought in a verdict of death from stab-wounds inflicted by person or persons unknown, and they've a burial permit, and the funeral is to take place to-morrow, though I think Mr. Waring is in an awful hurry to put his poor wife into the ground. I fancy he didn't love her much, though you and I know that pretty well, don't we? To think of his coming up here that night, the wretch!"

By this time Ruby was in bed, and the good woman only remained long enough to "tuck her in" and cast a disparaging glance around the room.

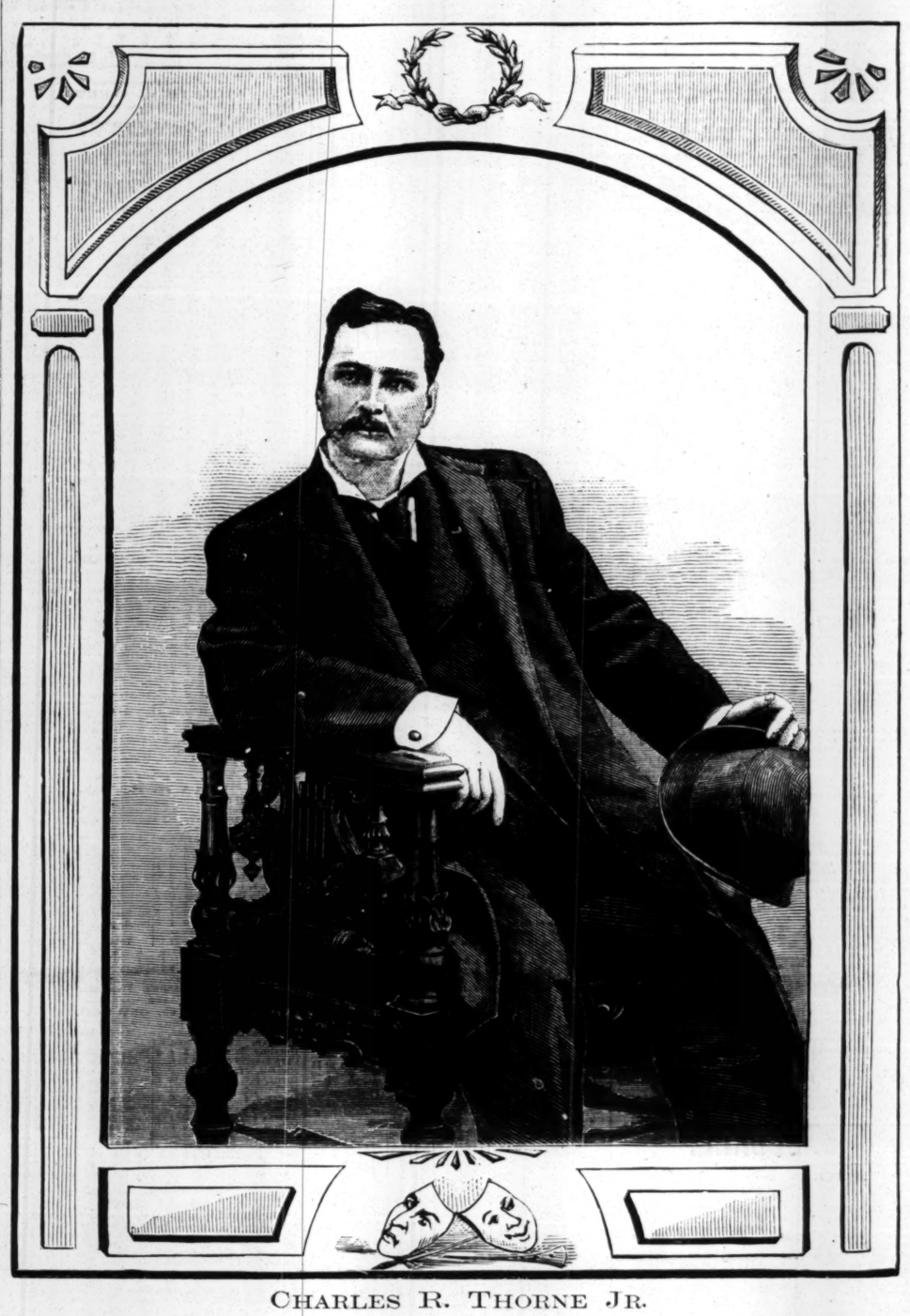
"Sarah hasn't been up here to-day to do a stitch of work, except to make the bed. But she's had a great deal to do to-day, and that's a fact. The place shan't get cluttered up so again, I vum."

"Don't mind that, Mrs. Peasely," said Ruby. "I know that you have all been busy and worried to-day."

"Good-night, my dear. I'll send Sarah up with the tea, and a bit of cold chicken, if Jonathan hasn't ate it all up. You must be hungry."

So saying, the worthy soul gave Ruby a kiss and bustled down the stairs. Sarah soon appeared with the promised refreshment, of which Ruby partook sparingly, and then fell into a deep sleep, first murmuring a prayer for her erring brother's forgiveness and repentance, and one for the poor lady whose soul had been so rudely hastened into eternity. Her dreams were bright and beautiful that night. She fancied that a white-robed woman, tall and lovely, came and took her by the hand, and led her into an enchanted garden, where grew flowers of a beauty not of earth, and where all her troubles faded away, and peace came to her soul; and one stood by her side whom she knew to be Mark, though changing ever, and the white-robed woman was her dead mother.

TO BE CONTINUED.



CHARLES R. THORNE JR.

ODE TO AUTUMN.
WITH OYSTER SAUCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I join not with the bards who sing
Of gloomy Autumn, bleak and drear,
But praise the noble months that bring
The grand fruition of the year.
The tasseled plumes of corn wave high,
The barns are full of yellow grain,
A mellow light is in the sky,
And R! the oyster comes again.

The buds of Spring, the early flowers,
The Summer's wealth and tropic heat,
Are preludes to the perfect hours
When Autumn makes our joys complete.
The trees a rarer foliage boast,
Nature her finest tints unlocks,
And lo! 'tis time to try a roast
Of Blue Points or of Saddle Rocks.

I gaze upon the distant sea,
Where, from the hills the far shore slopes;
I think my ship will come to me—
The ship that bears my happy hopes—
On some such bracing day as this,
A perfect day, without a flaw;
But if it should, I would not miss
A good two dozen Norwalks, raw.

Hail, noble Autumn, let them sing
Of melancholy days who may—
The tribute of a verse I bring
To cheer thee on thy sturdy way.
Let Summer boast her roses red,
Let Spring to violets give birth,
To me the Autumn's oyster-bed
Exceeds them all in solid worth!

PASHA DAMAR:
A ROMANCE OF SMYRNA AND STAMBOUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

CHAPTER FIRST.—THE BANQUET AT SMYRNA.

"Infidel Smyrna," or *Giaour Izmar*, as the Musaulmans term it, is celebrated for the majestic beauty of the Ionian-Greek women, who lounge with ever-enduring classic grace in the windows of its narrow streets. On their saints' days, of which there are over six score in the year, the transom-shaped windows are filled with lovely houris, attired with seeming munificence, their classic heads crowned with scarlet and laden with jewels or coins of gold. Their exquisitely chiseled features are touched with a savage pencil, hardening the outline of eyes and eyebrows, and lending a Promethean fire to the stern, grave looks with which they pierce the beholder's brain. Endure their fiery eyes as best you may, and pass on slowly and observingly. Facing you from the side of the transom that looks longwise down the street, you see two glorious shapes, transcendent in their beauty. You see the massive braids of hair as in each it catches a touch of light on its jetty surface. Behold the broad, calm brow—the large eyes deeply set, and self-relying as the eyes of an empress, with all their rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them. Mark the thin, fiery nostril, and the bold line of the chin and throat disclosing all the fierceness and all the pride, passion and power that can live along with the rare womanly beauty of those sweetly-turned lips. The two transcendent Persephonies are sisters—the most graceful and accomplished dancers in all Ionia. Their names are Ludo and Evora. Their services are bespoke for the evening. The honor was unexpected, and haughty satisfaction reigns in each heart.

The Russian army has reached the Danube, and Mohammedans in Asia Minor are filled with martial ardor. Pasha Damar, Governor of Smyrna, has been summoned to Constantinople to assume a prominent command in the army. Almost dazed with delight, he has invited a score of his subordinates to a farewell banquet. They are so disposed around the ivory table that the countenance of each is turned towards the giver of the feast. Pasha Damar is a handsome young man of five-and-thirty—an epicure and a sensualist.

The courses were many, and lasted long; the wines were of the rarest brands and finest quality. The tables were cleared by eunuchs richly habited, who entered to the sounds of wild, Oriental music, and bore off the fragments that remained. As they emerged at one door, a troop of handsome maidens, simply clad in white muslin and garlanded with flowers, entered at another, bearing fresh wines, coffee and all the extensive paraphernalia for smoking. The stems of the pipes were five feet long, of jessamine and wild-cherry. The amber mouthpieces were milky and delicate in color, and richly ornamented with jewels. Later in the evening the sybarite Pasha treated his guests to a surprise. Prepared branches of rose-bushes, bored with gimlet and string, were inserted in pipes and handed round—every stem blooming with fragrant roses.

When these unique pipes were lighted, by the application of charcoal points by the attendants, a new surprise eventuated. Hanging curtains of green silk parted slowly from before a recess in the middle of the hall, disclosing two statuesque Amazons, posed in attitudes of voluptuous grace. Shaded lamps were so disposed as to throw a roseate light upon their limbs and faces, while soft, thin vapors curled about them, rising from braziers burning perfumed incense at their feet. Simultaneously they clashed their castanets and bounded wildly out upon the floor. Then began a measure of alternate languor and activity, now swelling into frantic bacchanalian gestures, now sinking into tender lassitude or picturesque repose. The warm blood glows in the lovely faces of these daughters of the sun. The big black eyes flash under their long eyelashes. Their white teeth gleam like pearls between the rich, red lips. The beautifully turned limbs and lithe, undulating forms writhe themselves into attitudes suggestive of imperious conquest or yielding love.

"I guess that's all, unless you happen to see old Bolinski. If you do, tell him we must rehearse the new ballet on Tuesday, and I guess we can make room for his daughter."

"All right, sir," responded the deputy; and the great man walked thoughtfully away.

Ruby found one of the "supers" who kindly consented to see her to her home, and left the theatre an hour before her usual time. She thought of her appointment with Mark, but was not sorry to have a means of evading it. Indeed, she doubted whether he would come after the rebuff he had received.

"It is better so," she sighed, as she sat down in her little room. "The dream was sweet while it lasted. It is God's will that it should end, and I ought to be content; but oh! my heart is so heavy."

She laid her head upon the pillow and cried softly. It was in this position that Mrs. Peasely found her.

"Dear heart," said the good dame, as she put her arm around Ruby's neck and patted her soothingly. "Don't give way like this. Though it's natural you should be all worn-out, and that's a fact. And you must be sick, or you wouldn't be home as early as this." She glanced at the girl's pale face. "Why, we shall have you sick abed, my dear, if you aint looked after. Let me put you to bed, do, and send you up a nice bowl of boneset tea, and you'll be as gay as a lark in the morning."

Ruby feebly consented, and kissed her kind companion, who assisted her to disrobe, talking vigorously all the time.

"There's been an inquest, and they've brought in a verdict of death from stab-wounds inflicted by person or persons unknown, and they've a burial permit, and the funeral is to take place to-morrow, though I think Mr. Waring is in an awful hurry to put his poor wife into the ground. I fancy he didn't love her much, though you and I know that pretty well, don't we? To think of his coming up here that night, the wretch!"

By this time Ruby was in bed, and the good woman only remained long enough to "tuck her in" and cast a disparaging glance around the room.

"Sarah hasn't been up here to-day to do a stitch of work, except to make the bed. But she's had a great deal to do to-day, and that's a fact. The place shan't get cluttered up so again, I vum."

"Don't mind that, Mrs. Peasely," said Ruby. "I know that you have all been busy and worried to-day."

"Good-night, my dear. I'll send Sarah up with the tea, and a bit of cold chicken, if Jonathan hasn't ate it all up. You must be hungry."

So saying, the worthy soul gave Ruby a kiss and bustled down the stairs. Sarah soon appeared with the promised refreshment, of which Ruby partook sparingly, and then fell into a deep sleep, first murmuring a prayer for her erring brother's forgiveness and repentance, and one for the poor lady whose soul had been so rudely hastened into eternity. Her dreams were bright and beautiful that night. She fancied that a white-robed woman, tall and lovely, came and took her by the hand, and led her into an enchanted garden, where grew flowers of a beauty not of earth, and where all her troubles faded away, and peace came to her soul; and one stood by her side whom she knew to be Mark, though changing ever, and the white-robed woman was her dead mother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Is all well, Paul?" asked the newcomer.

"All is well, Androvitch," replied the other languidly.

"You are ill, Paul; poor fellow, you are worn out."

"No, no, no; not ill—I have been letting foolish thoughts trouble me. I shall not return to camp till you are relieved. Then it will be daybreak."

As the comrades paced slowly to and fro, speaking in low whispers, the sound of a female voice singing at a distance surprised them. In clear and mellow cadences the minstrel warbled:

"The mildly dimpling ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
Mine Eden of the Eastern wave."

He whom we have called Paul was strangely affected by the harmless and vague ditty. Often had he sung the strain to an accompaniment in childhood. Only a stern realization of the penalties sure to follow a flagrant breach of military discipline prevented him from calling aloud to the invisible singer. During the hours that followed he marveled whether the singer were of heaven or of earth.

In the gray dawn of the morning, a few hundred paces in advance of the outposts, whither he had wandered, Paul saw a figure which almost made him shout in alarm, in the high state of tension to which his nerves had been strung. Sitting on a rock, a figure waved its arms and rocked its body to and fro with strange, unearthly gestures, and broken, muttered sentences, varied by gasps and moans.

It was no wonder that the young soldier should suffer a few moments of inexplicable terror. His blood curdled, his skin crept, his breath came quick, and his heart bounded with that desperate courage which springs from intense fear at the fancied presence of some ghostly apparition.

The trumpets sounded in the Russian camp. Ere the first note reached Paul's ear, the strange figure had caught the sound and sprung up like some beast of the chase alarmed by the first challenge of the hound. Gazing wildly about, it saw the sentinel, and dashed towards him with impetuous fury. Then fear overmastered the soldier, and he turned and fled for his life, while a pulsing horror weighed down his limbs like lead. In the dazing anxiety of the situation, he took the wrong road. The maniac was in close pursuit. The soldier threw away his musket and bounded over a fence into some gardens. He heard the quick-drawn breath of his pursuer panting at his very heels. The soldier reached the broad and ample steps of the terrace leading to a noble Turkish mansion, and made for the open doorway, right ahead. The pursuer shrieked in triumph as he entered. He shot through the corridor and felt the maniac's breath on his cheek, as he was instantly stopped and made prisoner by a band of eunuchs.

A terrible yell went up when the lunatic boldly rushed among the crowd. Every one but the Russian prisoner at once perceived that the maniac was a woman, and that she was blasted with the awful curse of leprosy. The still-lighted ormulu lamps shone bright and clear upon the white, glistening surface of the scarred and mortifying flesh. On her brow, on her neck, on her naked arms, the plague-spots deepened and widened and festered. It would be death to come in contact even with her garments. Therefore they raised a terrible cry, and rushed wildly into the spacious grounds, leaving the Russian soldier and the maniac-leper alone.

The proprietor of the splendid palace came leisurely out to see what caused the commotion, just as the strangely assorted pair began to gaze at each other. The appearance of the big, handsome man with the fez and insignia of rank diverted their attention from each other. It did more. The Russian soldier fell upon the marble pavement in a swoon. The maniac-leper fell upon the astounded Musulman prince, and, before he could raise an arm to defend himself, he was enveloped in a loathsome embrace, and the hideous lips were kissing his frantically, while his slaves and eunuchs beheld the horrible spectacle, paralyzed with fear, from the gardens without!

* * * * * * *

A month has passed. The gun that announces sunset has boomed through the air. A company of Turkish officers are seated in a divan in Stamboul, yielding themselves to an intense enjoyment of tobacco after an ample repast.

"And so the chief of the Imauma was consulted?" says one officer interrogatively to the company in general.

Three or four gravely nod assent.

"And what did he recommend?" queried the former speaker.

"The *argumentum ad hominem*," replies one with a grave smile.

"Hah! What! What allied Pasha Damar?"

"He was burning, the Imaum said."

"Well—what then?"

"Well—they cooled him in the Bosphorus."

Half-a-dozen nodded an assent to the accuracy of the statement. They were all well aware that the convenient and fathomless straits had often rendered invaluable services in stifling intrigues. Therefore they nodded heartily and understandingly, and then with one consent said:

"Mashallah! Allah is great: there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"You know why he 'burned,' of course?" asked the eldest of the group, as he relinquished his chibouk and sank back with an evident feeling of intense enjoyment on his divan.

"No, no, no," answered the others.

"Leprosy!"

Every man jumped to his feet, and, turning towards Mecca, repeated again the formula already quoted.

"Leprosy!" cried one.

"Leprosy!" murmured another.

"Leprosy!" said all.

* * * * * * *

The young Russian soldier was sent back to the camp at San Stefano, and tried by court-martial for desertion. He had nothing to say in his defense, and the following day he was led out to be shot. As the officer whose duty it was to pluck the buttons from his tunic performed his sad task, he made a discovery, and forthwith proclaimed it in stentorian tones thus:

"This prisoner is a woman!"

It was indeed so.

The prisoner was a woman—a woman once beautiful, whom the reader has met before in Smyrna, and named Ludo.

Her story was soon told. Betrayed, ruined and cast aside in Constantinople, her sister and herself had parted, after each had sworn to devote her life to the purpose of revenge. She had served in the Turkish Army in disguise, hoping to find an opportunity of assassinating Pasha Damar, but the opportunity had never come. Then she had deserted and joined the Russians. As for her sister, she knew nothing of her fate. She had dreamt over and over again of seeing her wretched and afflicted. She had seen the realization of her dream on the morning of the day on which she had become an involuntary deserter. Before seeing what she thought was a vision, she had heard snatches of a song sung in her dead mother's voice. Filled with vague, supernatural terror, she had fled. In the suddenness of her apprehension she mistook the road, and ran towards Stamboul, instead of the Russian camp. Fate directed her flying feet to the palace of her princely betrayer—the murderer of her father—the destroyer of her sister and herself. The rest they knew.

"Was not the singer and the maniac-leper your sister?" asked the nurse to whose care Ludo had been assigned.

"God of Mercy! I never thought of that!" cried the worn and wasted girl, striking her wrinkled forehead.

The sudden revelation proved too much for her. Blood burst from her nose and lips.

"Poor Evora! poor Evora!" she murmured; "And they killed her like a dog—like a dog—before my eyes. Poor, poor Evora! Father! mother!" and expired.

CONVERSATION AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—A French war-steamer has lately been engaged in towing an old ship out to sea, to form a torpedo training-vessel. Attached to one of the towing cables was a conducting-wire, with one end on either vessel, and it was found that, by the action of the sea on the copper sheathing of the ships, an electric current was set up, and telegraphic communication was at once established along the circuit. So successful, indeed, was the experiment, that conversation could readily be carried on between the two ships. This result suggested to the commander of the French war-vessel the idea of impressing the telephone into the service of the diver, and in this way: One of the glasses of the diver's helmet is replaced by a copper plate, and in this is inserted a telephonic wire. As in the case of the ships, an electric current is established, by means of which it becomes an easy matter to hold converse with the divers, even while they are "fathoms below"—at the bottom of the sea. In cases where it is necessary that divers should make observations, whether as to the state of the keel of a ship, or as to wreckage, and report thereon, the practical value of this new use for the telephone is obvious.

TEMPTATION.—That temptation that at first is but a little cloud as big as a man's hand may quickly overspread the whole heaven. Our engaging in evil is as the motion of a stone going down hill; it strengthens itself by going, and the longer it runs the more violent that motion becomes.

GUMBOIL.—Roast a fig, tear it in two, and lay the inside of one half upon the boil. It will act as a poultice. As gumboils are frequently caused by the presence of an abscess at the root of the fang, a visit to the dentist should follow their appearance.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

ERGO, Portland.—1. Prof. Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," died in Darlington, Eng., Feb. 4, 1874. 2. His last appearance in this city was probably in the Summer of 1862, at the Winter Garden. 3. He never appeared at the Winter Garden in the play of "The Tempest." He appeared there, however, in the burlesque of "The Wizard's Tempest," early in the summer of 1862. 4. He left sons, both in this country and Great Britain, who had adopted his profession. The one in this country died about three months ago. 5. The Great Eastern came here first on June 28, 1860, and lay at the foot of Hammond street. 6. A wins both the main bet and the side bet. The latter, not having been specified as subject to any particular throw, was to be governed by the same throw that decided the main bet, the more especially as B had objected to A's proposition, made after A's first throw, that that throw should determine it. It was, therefore, for both bets, two sixes vs. two deuces.

G. M. E., Baltimore.—"Suppose there are two runners, one on the first and one on the second base, and a man at the bat. The man at the bat has three strikes called on him, when catcher drops the ball, and immediately throws ball to the third base, and third-baseman puts man running from second base out, and throws to second base, and second-baseman puts man running from first base out, and second baseman throws to the first baseman, and puts runner from home-plate out. Umpire decided all three men out. Now, what do desire to know is his decision correct?"..."The play was correct, and the ball can be legally missed.

LEMONT, Mass.—William Warren was at no time a member of the Boston Theatre stock company. After the close of the season of 1853-4 at the Boston Museum he started in the New England circuit under the management of Henry C. Jarrett, manager of the Boston Theatre, and during the season of 1854-5 Mr. Warren, Charles Barron and Miss Josie Orton, forming the William Warren Combination, started throughout the country under the same management. He rejoined the company in the Boston Museum Aug. 14, 1855, and has since remained there.

MAX SMITH, Newmarket.—1. He returned from England some time ago, and was to have competed in the race for the 100-yard championship of Canada Sept. 14, but was prevented by a sprained ankle. 2. He cleared 6ft. 2in. in the running high-jump at the N. Y. A. C. games, ten years ago, subsequently moving to the West, where he resided a number of years. 3. We understand that he competed under a different name at the games of the Sons of St. George, in Philadelphia, Sept. 2, where he made the running long-jump with a leap of 21ft. 5in.

W. H. G., Manhattanville.—1. On Aug. 23 last, at Hudson, N. Y., the Jersey City Club defeated the Hudson City a score of 7 to 2. 2. The National Association regatta was held at Philadelphia in 1876. At the Saratoga R. A. International Regatta, on Saratoga Lake, that year, the four-oared race was won by the Northern-steam crew of Sho-wae-cae-mettes (with G. Bowlsby Jr. bow) second, Atalantas third, Beaverwycks fourth, and Argonautas fifth.

C. G.—There was no mistake except possibly in the way of putting the question: "If a man bets 2 to 1 on Lonsdale Club to beat the Horseshoes, and the Lonsdales beat them 3 to 0, which wins?" The Lonsdales beat them "in a canter," which means that the backer of the Lonsdales is betting the odds of two to one in money, because in that case the question is also its own answer—the Lonsdales beat them. If the man was probably betting that the Lonsdales would beat by 2 to 1, and, under our rule, he loses.

SUBSCRIBER, Gorgetown.—"A fly-ball was knocked. Going about 60ft. in the air, it fell between home base and first, just *inside* of the line, and then rolled out. The umpire decided it foul. Was he right? I contend it was not foul, because it was not batted directly to the ground. Am I right?"..."You are correct. The ball, being a high ball, and not hit "direct to the ground," became fair or foul only by its first striking the ground fair or foul.

LAWLOR.—"Base-runner on second baseman at bat strikes foul base first base, which first-ba-eman runs after and takes on the fly, and as soon as the catch is made man at second goes to third-base. We put in the claim that manner has the same chance to run on foul-fly caught as on fair fly; but if foul-fly not caught, no base can be made or player put out. How is it?"..... You are right.

BATTERY BOATMEN.—In the fourth heat of the professional scullers' race at the Centennial regatta John Higgins, Pat Luther and Eph. Morris started. The former fouled after rowing a half mile but pulled ahead, Luther coming in first, Higgins second, and Morris a poor third. The referee ordered Luther and Higgins to row over next day, but the latter declined to start, and Luther had a walk over

HANOVER, Baltimore.—1. The steamship Evening Star was lost at sea on the morning of Oct. 3, 1856. The name of Fanell is not reported among the list of passengers first sent; but as we can find no subsequent allusion to him in our files, and as we have no record of his death, we infer he was not on board. 2. There was no W. A. Wray on the ship. We presume you mean Wm. Wray. 4. Cannot give you their address.

AMPHION DRAMATIC UNION.—1. If the hall is already licensed for public entertainments, you need not procure a license for amateur performances. 2. If the author infringes upon the copyright of another author, he must suffer the penalty, although he may be an amateur. The copyright is fought, caught and convicted, are punished in the same manner as professionals.

F. T., Central City.—Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, last year, made use of language that was quickly construed as meaning that. His idea was that man could live on a dollar a day if he could not get more, and in fact thousands live on less; and that he could sustain life for a time upon bread and water, which is another indisputable fact.

J. S., White Plains.—A counts two points. To count four he would have to make not simply three four-ace hands in one player, but five tricks against two players. There can be but one lone hand at a time at regular euchre. Could not go alone for that reason, and for the additional reason that, having once passed the trump, he no longer had any voice as to it.

CONSTANT READER, Brown's Station.—1. Three eights, a seven and a six count 27. 2. Three fives and a jack, with the other five turned, comprise the highest hand that can be "held" at cribbage, the jack in hand having to be of the same suit as the five turned up, however. These will count 29. But four fives, with a jack turned up, will give the dealer 30.

MALDEN, Boston.—"A ground ball is struck to the first-baseman, who stoops to take it; but the ball, in rolling, when a few inches in front of his hands, strikes a small stone and bounds over his shoulder without striking his hands or any part of him. Is it an error or a base hit?"...Not an error, and certainly not a base-hit—an exceptional case.

CONSTANT READER, Montreal.—1. From $20 to $50 each per week, according to reputation and ability. 2. When last we heard of Ned Mason he was in Canada. 3. It is purely a matter of opinion. 4. It will cost $8.40 for each insertion. 5. Shannon, Miller & Crane (see advertisement) can probably supply you.

COOPEY.—After the original components (high, low, jack and game) have been counted, the innovations come in in the order of their numerical value; and, therefore, fifteen-nine, counts before pedro, which is five. B is out, unless the game was understood to be pedro-sancho, instead of sancho-pedro, a matter in order only the asker.

J. A., San Francisco.—1. You could get a carpenter to make you a pair of wooden shoes (German) for less money than the expressage from this city would cost you. In this city they sell for $2.50 a pair. 2. From $40 to $250 per week, according to merit and reputation. 3. We believe not. 4. It depends altogether upon the success obtained.

STEADY READER, Ringtown.—We regard the case as under the conditions mentioned. 2. We question correctness of report, and shall be pleased to receive particulars as to how it was done, character of ground, etc. It's just a "heel" too fast.

SUBSCRIBER, Burlington.—1. Jim Mace stands 5ft. 8¼in. in height. His weight is put down in "Fistiana" at 150lb.; but he fought never to exceed 140lb. in the English championship, and stood 148lb. when he fought Coburn in 1871. 2. Dan Mace is not related to him.

J. J. MC., Terre Haute.—No; the best standing jump we ever saw was 15ft. 7in., made in England. What is the jump you mention was reported by a Buffalo paper, but the report was not substantiated, plainly because it could not be.

JOHN KENNY, San Francisco.—1. No. A sketch of his life will probably appear soon. 2. Cannot spare space, and there is no publication containing them, records constantly being smashed.

B. D. M., St. Louis.—It was indisputably a fair bet after A had learned B that he had tested the matter; and it would have been a fair bet even if A had given B no such warning.

A. M. N., Eaton Rapids.—The tallest and raciest accounts of the Tower of London are to be found in the novels of William Harrison Ainsworth, which can be had of almost any dealer in cheap publications.

DECLINED.—"They Lived in Boston." "A Box-office Dream." "The Queen of the Demi-monde." "A Revel above the Clouds." "Almost a Breach." "The Rose-bud Festival." "True Unwardness."

ENQUIRER, Suffield.—1. The highest euchre card, which is Jack, is high in cutting for deal. The lowest in the case specified, in a regular euchre-deck. 2. The street at the rear of St. Paul's Churchyard is Church street.

RUNNER, Dover.—1. None published in America. Ed. James's "Practical Training," we think, would suit you. 2. The best two-mile running time on record, by a pedestrian, is 9m. 11¾s., by W. Lang.

INQUISITIVE, Bridgeport.—Yes. O'Leary ran the greater part of the ten fifty miles of his last competition in London; but during the latter he took better progress by walking, and by abandoned running.

WM. H. P., Providence.—Clarence Barrett has acted in nearly all of the principal cities of this country. On April 8, 1865, he closed an engagement in the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., in that role.

J. M. S., Augusta.—"Joe" is a favorite name for a dog in one way, and a favorite name for a man in another. So is "Joseph." But "Joe" is no more "Joseph" than it is "Josephine." Draw the bet. It is "not off."

COMIC VOCALIST, Newark.—1. He does. 2. From $20 to $100 per week. 3. They could command plenty of engagements if highly successful. 4. They are not compelled to furnish lithograph. 5. Address Wheeler's Shannahan Depot.—1. Gus Williams sings a song with that title, but we cannot say whether it is published or not. 6. We cannot say whether the song has been published, or what the price is. 7. We published at the time we reported it. 8. Address Dan Bryant, Philadelphia.—Will S. Hays' address was formerly connected with Public Library Hall, in that town. We do not know that he has changed.

ENQUIRER, Binghamton.—As many fairs as the authorities may decide upon may be held in one week, but no more than one shall be held in Maine Village, Maine county fair.

MINNIE, Keokuk.—The name you prefer is her real name. Her father is a well-known actor, and his profession. Her mother an actress, now in retirement there.

S. S., Pittsburg.—"Pop" laying alone" at sixty-six is an affair of muscle, even when handed a game proper. 2. If being no p rt of the fourE. H. D., Boston.—Reale your own rules. do not know the time ma- gave time was 22m. 03¾s. We eight footers have been by Landers, but he was about C. L. C., Washington.—1. In ten rounds at New Orleans, La., May 10, 1870. 2. Some think so, others don't. 3. Enoch Redmond, Esq., of Inquiry, inclosing stamps Mechanical Artist.—Letter persons named, will probably for replies, addressed to the out in bidding three. But editor, inclosing stamps, will elicit the required informa- for "the fun of the thing." tion.

W. K., Baltimore.—It is perhaps you players bid only In that case, A's high put his INDIANA WELL, Foxburg.—These are probably a half-responsibility or boldness firm. dozen firms there.

MRS. A. M. W.—The last we heard of Lew Sawyer he was performing in Cheyenne, W. T. A letter addressed to in this office should reach him.

W. S.—Write to T. C. Faulkner, *The Commercial Advertiser*, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, this city.

R. N. FLANAGAN, St. Albans.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC contains such fast records as we know to be correct. Cannot vouch for the rest. These are probably a half-

E Moore (captain), E. Arnold, H. Thompson, R. A. J. Queckberner—1; Elizabeth Club—G. H. Babcock (captain), J. J. Crane, G. C. Grundy Jr., J. Whalen—2; time, 1m. 29s. Second pull: S. A. A. C.—N. Y. A. C.—W. B. Curtis (captain), J. G. Truax, C. H. Truax, G. M. Smith, 2; time, 1m. 51s

Running high jump—H. E. Ficken, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 4in.; W. R. Beers, Staten Island A. C., 5ft. 3in.

Starter, John Fraser; judges, R. Morgan, A. P. Montant, C. A. Mahoney and F. Reeves; referee and judge of walking, Isaiah Frazier.

CHALLENGE TO FIREMEN.

Despite the result of the Chicago tourney, the members of the Bates Hose of distant Colorado—a company which has gained widespread reputation for speed—still consider themselves the boss company of the country, and in the following challenge dare the winners to try them once more, for big money. We hold five hundred dollars on account of this defi, which will be left open for two weeks from date, and is bound to create a stir among fire-ladies everywhere.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—As the J. E. Bates Hose Company of Denver, Col., feel that the securing of the belt at the National Fireman's Tournament in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 4, by the Burlington team, was upon purely technical grounds, I desire to and hereby do challenge them to another trial, upon same conditions, except that the manner of coupling shall be what is understood as the "catch" coupling. The race to take place in Denver, Col., to be for $10,000 a side, or more if they desire, and to be run within two months from time of acceptance, the whole amount to be deposited in your hands simultaneously therewith. The coupling race to be run twice, and also same distance straight away twice, and the average time in the four runs to decide. Should they accept this challenge, I will allow them one (1) second time in each run and $3,000 expense-money. They may decide how many men they wish to run in their team, the Bates team to have a like number. They may also decide the weight of their and our jumper to be used, provided they shall weigh not less than 1,000lb each, with hose. This challenge is especially directed to the Burlington team, but is open to *all* oth erteams in the world, with the exception of the *time* allowance. I also further challenge any two men in the world to run against George Graham and James Duggan of the Bates Team, for $2,500 a side, as follows: The men to stand 100 feet from the coupling, and, at a signal from the starter, run, break coupling and attach pipe. The same to take place in Denver, at such time as shall be agreed upon, the whole amount to be deposited in your hands upon acceptance of challenge, and I to allow them $500 expense-money. Yours, etc.,

CAPTAIN OF BATES TEAM.

O'LEARY AND HUGHES.—The match for the Astley belt—so well won by Daniel O'Leary in London last Spring—and $500 a side, between the holder and John Hughes, constitutes the event of the coming week in the metropolis, and a great deal of interest is being developed in regard to the affair. The struggle commences at Gilmore's Garden on Monday, Sept. 30, at 1 A. M., and ends at 11 P. M. Oct. 5. We notice in the latest issue of *The Sporting Life* to hand an acknowledgment of the receipt of a draft for £90 from Hughes' backer, Dennis Murray—£80 balance of £100 for this match, and £10 as Hughes' entrance money for the tournament to begin at Agricultural Hall, London, Oct. 28.

JACK GOULDING'S sports at the Ravenswood, L. I., Grounds Sept. 22 were well patronized. The seven-mile walk, handicap, had fifteen starters, and was won by G. Mawreskie (12min.); J. McLaughlin (10), second. Time, 1h. 12m. 19½s. Won by twenty-three seconds. One-mile run—M. J. Dunn, 1; E. G. Koster, 2. Won by five seconds. In 8m. 29s. 100-yards run—J. C. Rooney, 1; R. Roden, 2. Time, 12⅞s. Owing to lack of room to start the 75-yard race, it was postponed until Sept. 26, when it will be decided at the Armstrong Mott benefit entertainment at the Manhattan A. C. Grounds.

HUDSON BOAT CLUB.—Members engaged in a couple of races at Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 21. The first was a hundred yards in heats. First heat: H. Van Mater (5yds.), 1; F. R. Baldwin (8), 2; time, 11⅛s. Second heat: F. E. Hough (scratch), 1; time, 11⅝s. Final heat: Hough, 1; Van Mater, 2; time, 11⅛s. A contest between G. D. Phillips and H. Ockershausen, the former to walk a lap measuring a sixth of a mile while the latter runs a lap and a half, was won by Phillips by two yards. Time, 57¾s.

A LACROSSE MATCH for the championship of Canada was played by the Toronto Club and the team of Caughnaugs Indians at Toronto, Ont., Sept. 21, the latter winning the first, fourth and fifth games.

WM. S. O'BRIEN has forwarded entrance money for the coming tournament in London, Eng., and proposes to leave for the other side of the Atlantic in a few days.

THE SHORT HILLS A. C. Games take place at Milburn, N. J., Oct. 5. Entries close Sept. 28, and can be made to A. Noell Jr., P. O. Box 898, N. Y. City.

BICYCLE RACES, for amateurs only, are announced to take place at the Farmers and Mechanics' Exhibition, Attleboro, Mass., Oct. 1, 2, 3.

JOHN H. CLARK and FRANK GORMLEY ran half a mile on Tuesday, Sept. 17, at the Lamb Tavern, Philadelphia, for $50, Clark winning.

JOHN MCMAHON the wrestler is now in Chicago, Ill.

THE TRIGGER.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The Fall meeting at Creedmoor closed Sept. 21, when two interesting competitions were shot, in one of which magnificent shooting was done by the leading scorers. This was the contest for the Wimbledon Cup, which was won by Frank Hyde of the American Team after making the best recorded score at the distance, while the second and third men, J. S. Sumner and T. H. Gray, each made fifteen consecutive bull's-eyes, thus equaling J. K. Milner's score, which so long remained unequaled.

Wimbledon Cup, open to all citizens of the United States; 1,000 yards, thirty shots; thirty-three contestants.

Frank Hyde—5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—143.

J. S. Sumner—5 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—140.

T. H. Gray—4 2 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—141.

B. F. Clark, 138; F. H. David, W. H. Jackson, A. H. Hebbard, 137 each; L. L. Hepburn, 136; J. F. Brown, 134; Isaac L. Allen, 133; B. G. Doughty, 132; W. S. Elmendorf, 129; G. W. Davidson, 128; C. E. Dwight, 126; H. F. Rockwell, 125; L. Geiger L. Garrish, 124 each.

Military Drill Championship Match, second stage—Open to the sixty highest scores in the first stage; 800, 900, 1,000 yards, seven shots at each range; first prize United States Military Championship Medal, value $50, second $30, third $25; regulation military rifles; fifteen contestants. J. S. Barton, 77; A. B. Van Heusen, 70; J. H. Teackle, 67; W. M. Farrow, 61; Wm. Finn, 60; Wm. Robertson, 52; L. L. Barnes, 53; J. McCartin, 50; C. H. Eagle, 45; John Cavanagh, 44; W. A. French, 43; E. W. Price, 42.

In the evening the prizes were presented to the successful riflemen at Gilmore's Garden, Judge Stanton, Gov. Geo. B. McClellan, Major-Gen. Hancock, Lieut. governor Dorsheimer, and Judge Gilderaleeve making brief presentation addresses

RIFLE VS SHOTGUN.—Dr. Alexander and J. C. Dunn indulged in their second contest at the Exposition Grounds, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 16, the former using a single-barreled non-repeating rifle and the latter a double-barreled shotgun, in the first match. Dr. Alexander was victorious, breaking 100 glass balls out of 119 in nine minutes and fifteen seconds, while Dunn broke 100 out of 128 in ten minutes and 5 seconds. Alexander afterwards gave an exhibition of fancy shots, using his rifle. He broke five successive balls thrown directly towards him at a distance of 75 yards: also fired at a ball thrown perpendicularly, missing, reloading, and breaking it before reaching the ground. The members of the Indianapolis Hunting Club also shot for the club badge, which was won by Omer Porter. The day's sport was in aid of the yellow fever fund, and netted $21.50.

HARRY HILL requests us to state that the announcement that a benefit performance for the Southern sufferers would be given at his establishment on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 26, was made by an unauthorized party without his (Hill's) consent. Mr. Hill has personally already contributed according to his means to the relief of the afflicted people of the Southern States, and is quite ready to do cheerfully whatever else he can to alleviate their distress; but he objects to having his own business conducted by unauthorized parties.

JAMES GOLDEN will take a benefit on Monday evening, Oct. 7, at Cunningham's Handball Court, Philadelphia. He will wind up with John Maneely.

UNCLE BILL HUBBY will take his benefit on Tuesday evening, Sept. 24, at Memorial Hall, Morris street, near Frankford road, Philadelphia.

JIM TURNER, alias "Red Jim," sailed from Boston for England a few days ago.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
CORNER THIRTEENTH STREET.
EDGAR & FULTON.....Lessees and Managers
INAUGURAL REGULAR SEASON.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
Engagement for two weeks only of
ROSE EYTINGE,
ROSE EYTINGE,
who will on MONDAY EVENING make her first appearance in New York since her return from her London success in a new specialty, a thrilling, emotional play of real life,
A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE,
A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE,
assisted by Messrs. Wheelock, Lingham, Searle, J. A. Kennedy, Crompton, Burnett, Daveau, Misses Eliza O'Connor, Laura Le Clercq and Hamilton. New scenery, music, etc.
THE POPULAR PRICES CONTINUE.
Reserved seats in Orchestra, $1; in Dress Circle, 75c.; in Gallery, 35c. General Admission, 30c.; to Gallery, 25c.
Seats secured two weeks in advance. 27-1t

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BROADWAY AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET.
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EVERY EVENING until further notice Frederick Clark's four-act comedy called
A FALSE TITLE,
A FALSE TITLE,
A FALSE TITLE,
A FALSE TITLE.
Presented with elaborate scenery and the following list of artists: Eben Plympton, Gustavus Levick, Ben Maginley, Chas. Collins, Kingsold, Miss Delercq, Miss Rose Osborne, Miss May Davenport, Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Jordan.
Admission, 25c., 50c., 75c., $1 and $1.25.
In preparation, Emile Gaboriau's powerful drama
ALMOST A LIFE.
ALMOST A LIFE.
ALMOST A LIFE.
ALMOST A LIFE.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY AT 1:30. 27-1t

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MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART
in two original and laughter-provoking characters.
THE
MULLIGAN-GUARD PICNIC.
By particular request, MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN will sing "MUCH AS I REGRET IT, I'M MARRIED NOW."
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Robert Nickle, Lulu Francis, Billy Gray, Campbell and Burke, J. C. Carroll, Clara Moore, Harry Benson, and several other specialties.
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HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
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FOURTH WEEK
FOURTH WEEK
AND LAST NIGHTS LAST NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS LAST NIGHTS
OF MR. BRONSON HOWARD'S COMEDIES,
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with Messrs. Lewis, Harrisenberg, Whiting, Grismer, Sanger, and Cullington; Misses Booth, Cowell, Palmer, Robson, Mrs. Allen, and Mrs. Gilbert.
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JARRETT & PALMER.....Lessees and Managers.
THE WONDROUS SPECTACLE.
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MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 23,
GENEVIEVE WARD AS QUEEN KATHARINE.
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GOV. RYMAN ON THE LABOR QUESTION.
"The Funny Old Gals." "Dodging the Gang."
MR. J. O. RUSSELL AND CHARLES STEVENS,
H. W. FRILLMAN, W. RAYMOND, C. GIBBONS, the GREAT RICARDO, JOHNSON AND POWERS.
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Must be good dressers on and off the stage. State salary and give full particulars. Address
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FOURTH SEASON (Giving the entire Performance).
This powerful and popular organization will commence their season MONDAY, NOV. 18,

YE FLEETING SHOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SCHUYLER BRIGHTLY.

Fast wane the pleasant Autumn days,
When, all the country 'round,
The trav'ling circus in a blaze
Of glory can be found.

On Winter-quarters soon intent,
No more in tents they'll bide;
If less than their receipts they've spent,
Intensely gratified.

Gloat, gleeful rustic, while you may,
Upon the dazzling glare
Of flaming posters that display
The sights you think so rare.

Ecstatically contemplate
The acrobatic groups,
The fairy form that bounds, elate,
Through several miles of hoops.

In rapture lost, forget your girl,
And think 'twere heaven indeed
Through space with such a sylph to whirl
Upon a bareback steed!

Yet doubting but you'd rather learn
O'er elephants to vault,
Climb the trapeze, or nimbly turn
Ye backward somersault.

Quite sure, at last, that wealth and fame
Are hollow mockeries
Beside the uproarious acclaim
That fairly rends the skies

From joyous crowds, as motley's king—
Supremest among men—
Leaps, rolls, or tumbles in the ring,
With "Here we are again!"

Who would not be that gushing youth
The yellow bills thrills
At sight of the great canvas booth
And those bewildering bills—

To whose excited fancy's flight
The grand procession seems
A gorgeous vision of delight,
Transcending wildest dreams?

Enthusiast! far as eye can reach,
On golden chariots feast;
Take vivid mnemographs of each
Performing man and beast;

One lingering look bestow; away
They'll speedily be stowed;
Those who so gay rode by can't stay
Much longer on the road.

Thus, as each circus flag is furled
From Maine to Mexico,
We are reminded that the world
Is but a fleeting show.

ZARULEIKA:

A HEART HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HUBERT H. DUVAL.

Was it any wonder I was fascinated with her? Would it not rather be wonderful if I had not been? I, the pale student, who had lived in a seclusion almost as profound as that of the cloister, burning much midnight oil and sacrificing my youth upon the altar of knowledge until I had fathomed the depths of many abstruse sciences, and held in my hands the key to secrets that had puzzled the brains and haunted the dreams of thousands of students like myself, yet withal had never even touched the master-key of the closer mysteries of a human heart; she, whose only look had been the ever open one of daily human life. I, who had let the stream of life flow by me unheeded, taking the garbled reports of those stranded by the tide, or the dreaming fancies of loiterers like myself upon the shore, as truth; she, who, with her whole being, had been constantly watched every fluctuation of the tide, every approaching billow, with a vigilant eye. I, who had ever affected to despise and neglected any natural advantages I might possess; she, who had studied every art to enhance her charms, and whose aim, whose daily bread, it was to please. I, the learned ignoramus; she, the untutored sage. I, the pale student, with no ambition beyond my library; she, the beautiful but unknown actress, with all the world before her and a name and fame to win.

Why was it that I went at all? Was it Chance, or was it written by the never-erring scribes in the irrevocable Book of Fate that it was to be, and was I drawn thither by the loadstone of my Destiny?

A third-rate theatre in a sixth-rate provincial town, and a dreary Eastern adaptation, miserably put upon the boards and miserably acted. So dreary was it that at the end of the first act I rose to go. I was even as far as the door when an unaccountable impulse made me return to my seat and wait for the curtain to rise again—the curtain that hid the new life that, all unawares, was opening up before me the ordeal of fire from which I was not to escape unscathed.

Slowly the curtain rose, discovering the heroine, who had not appeared in the piece at all until now, reclining upon a divan waiting for her lover. I glanced at the bill held in my hand: "Zaruleika, daughter of the Pasha." Zaruleika! Shall I disclose her real name? No, as Zaruleika I knew her first; as Zaruleika let her be remembered now.

How shall I describe her to you, as she lay there in all her glowing, voluptuous beauty, with her luxuriant tresses, half confined by strings of Oriental coins, and half flowing in luxuriance over her snowy shoulders? How can I catalogue the thousand-and-one charms that slumbered in her velvet-soft and violet eyes, and woke up to sport among the dimples of her peach-bloom cheeks? I cannot. As Cleopatra, when, in gilded barge, she dazzled the eyes of Antony—as Venus, foam-white and ravishing from the breast of the ocean—as the fairest dream that devotee ever had of Paradise—so she was to me!

Yes, I was fascinated. As one in a dream, yet knowing it to be a dream, sees some blissful vision, and, gazing upon it enraptured, still is afraid to breathe lest it should vanish from his sight forever, so I followed her with my eyes, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, thinking of nothing but her.

Jostling with the crowd out of the theatre, overhearing the remarks of one to another as they passed me in the corridor, the calls of the waitermen, the whine of the professional beggars at the door—all the babel of voices, mysteriously toned into harmony by the mere echo of a voice; out of the crowd and across the bridge and out into the open country, with everything asleep under the wardership of the sentinels of heaven, that gleamed brightly from the dark blue of the tranquil beauty of heaven to admire, and nothing noticed, nothing thought of, but the memory of a woman's wondrous eyes. Through the wainscotted hall, lighted only by straggling rays of sunshine, through the heavy *portiere* into my old study, with the thoughts of the wisest and best of the human race with which my mind had communed with and to enrich the patient inquirer a thousandfold. And the amethystine shaded lamp, so inviting to study, waits for the student to trim it and turn over the leaves of the books that lie beside it. What are they? Ah, this is Plato, and the other a scroll covered with hieroglyphics that were traced upon the illuminated temples on the banks of the sacred Ganges; and thou, O student! who art the master of their mystic meanings, sweep them impatiently away, and, sinking into a chair, gaze wistfully upon a dream-picture—of what? Of the classic past, of the mysterious sacrifices and the secrets of Calahaw? No! of a woman's face, as I saw upon a woman's name rises to thy lips—"Zaruleika!"

* * * * * * *

I was not wealthy, but I still had enough to live on. Extravagances I had none, and my only luxury was the occasional purchase of some rare edition of a scarce work. I occupied three rooms of the old manor-house which for many past generations before had been one of the finest residences in the county, but the then possessor of it had squandered away the estate with the exception of some two or three hundred acres, the rent of which was all I had to live upon, and the house had gradually fallen into a state of semi-ruin, excepting the three apartments which constituted my household, namely, my study, a bedroom and a kitchen, where an old woman, who lived a short distance away, presided during the day and prepared my meals. My mother had died when I was quite a child, and my father a few years afterwards. I had no relations—with the exception of a very wealthy and eccentric aunt, who I had not seen since I was a boy—and no friends, but lived, as I have said, alone, and happy in my retirement.

But from that memorable night my life was different. I was not unhappy, but a strange restlessness seemed to have come over me. I could not study. It was useless for me to take up a book, for I could not fix my attention upon it a moment. I felt a loneliness in my life, the want of a something I had never desired before.

The next day I arose early and went into the town. I started for the theatre, and went away again before I had scarcely reached the door. My retired life had left me unacquainted with the ways of men; and I felt a diffident fear, and a morbid sort of sensitiveness in mixing with my fellow-creatures. I walked about the streets a long while, wishing to call and see her, but bashful and ashamed, racking my mind in vain for an excuse to do so. At last, tired out, I went into an eating-house to get some lunch, and there saw a party who, from their talk I gathered, belonged to the theatrical company. With all my ignorance of the ways of the world I still knew that money was all-powerful, and, using it liberally, I was not surprised to find they all had conceived a literally unquenchable friendship for me. One sharp-featured gentleman in particular informed me he was the manager of the theatre, and invited me to "come behind the scenes" that evening, adding, with a peculiarly knowing wink and a slap on my back, that he would introduce me to Zaruleika. I know my face grew absurdly crimson as I stammered I would be most happy; and I took my departure filled with the most blissful anticipations. At the time mentioned I presented myself, and was seized upon by the manager, who did all the honors very cordially, and at last, coming up to a small door, knocked, and, the voice that I had dreamed about all the past night answering "Come in," we entered.

It was a very small room indeed, with whitewashed walls, adorned with numerous caricatures and memoranda of every description—a small deal-table, with a looking-glass and some toilet articles, and three straight-backed chairs, with the cane bottoms replaced by pieces of board. All three were occupied, one by Zaruleika herself, attired in her Oriental costume, as she had been on the previous night; the second by a watchful old dame, who seemed to be there to represent the proprieties; and the third by a fat-faced young man, with struggling, sandy-colored whiskers, and the owner of five thousand a year as soon as his father, who was a retired soap-boiler, should take his departure for a better world. I do not know how the introduction passed; I only know I left the theatre feeling more infatuated than before, and fearfully jealous of the sandy-whiskered heir-prospective to the five thousand per annum.

Days passed, and I came to be her almost constant companion. I learned much of her history, both from herself and from outside sources. It was all creditable to her. She had a bedridden father and a deformed sister, whom she supported by her own exertions, and she had been on the stage since she was six years old, yet no breath had ever stained her good name. She was ambitious—she wanted to come out on the metropolitan stage; but they said—the people said—she would never make an actress—that her only attraction was her marvelous beauty; but I—I thought she only wanted opportunity to become famous, and, hanging upon every word she uttered, treasured it up in my memory. She was candor itself in her conversation, and perhaps that had a great charm for me, that the actress should be so artless. The only thing she ever did say that pained me was when she plainly expressed her intention of marrying only some one who was wealthy. I was pained and grieved. It was plain, even to my eyes, that she strove to capture young Sorkes, the five-thousand-a-year heir-prospective.

Yet, even in spite of this, I asked her to be my wife; and she laughed—no, only smiled—and said it was impossible, and then coolly told me she was very fond of me, but I had no money, and that put an end to it. I was mad with despair. I went home, and, locking myself in my library, neither ate nor drank for two whole days, but paced up and down, tearing my hair and raving like a maniac. I loved her so madly I would have sold my soul to Satan for money to buy her, since I could not get her by any other means.

I came out resolved to—I cannot even dare now to think what I thought! It is over now, and, looking back, I know I must have been mad. The old woman who attended to my household placed a letter in my hands, saying it had come the night before. It was edged with black, and informed me of the death of my eccentric aunt, and that I was the sole heir to over £10,000 sterling a year.

My old housekeeper thought I was really mad, retreating in terror, while I danced and whooped in irrepressible glee. Then I seized my hat, and dashed out of the house. I arrived, panting and breathless, at Zaruleika's lodgings, and found her sitting by the window, mending a rent in some article of her theatrical wardrobe. I snatched it from her hand, and, casting it into the street, threw the letter into her lap, and took her hands in mine.

"Read it, my darling!" I cried. "Now will you not consent to be my wife?"

She took the contents of the letter in at a glance, and then she looked fearlessly and truthfully into my eyes.

"You know I do not love you as you wish," she said, "but I love no one else. I respect you, and, if you wish it, I will try to be a true and faithful wife."

My only answer was to clasp her in my arms, and kiss her again and again. I knew it was but a barter, an exchange of her beauty for my gold, and yet I felt in Paradise even when after a while she said in a musing way, as if she thought aloud:

"Why, it is twice as much as that foolish young Sorkes has. And papa and Lulu will never want for anything again."

* * * * * * *

Well, we were married. I loved her still as madly, devotedly as ever, yet sometimes, when alone, a mocking voice would whisper that she was not all I had once dreamed.

Immediately after our marriage we started for the Continent, and, traveling through Belgium and Germany, at last crossed the Rhine, and settled down for a while in a little village in the south of France.

I have said that a voice sometimes croaked in my ear that she was not the goddess I had worshiped, but only common earth. It was now, when the excitement of travel and the novelty of the shifting, various scenes we passed through was over, and had become but a pleasant memory, that its recurrence became more frequent. In the quiet of my study, I could not help owning to myself that she was but a beautiful child of clay, and that her intellect was not proportioned to her almost perfect beauty of form and feature. Here was the beauty of the earth, not of the soul, and she could not sympathize with me in my higher desires, in the dreams and thoughts I cherished far removed from the path of daily human life. My passions had a solace and a fit companion; but the nobler part, the intellect, still was solitary and alone.

We had not been long at the little French village before we became acquainted with the Marquis de M——. As the largest proprietor for miles around, and the owner of "le chateau," he was by far the biggest man in the locality; and when he called upon us and cordially invited us to visit him, we could not do less than return the compliment, and, on his part at least, a warm intimacy sprang up, and he gradually became an almost daily visitor. I confess I liked the man myself. He was strikingly handsome, and had traveled much for one so young—for he could not have been over thirty—while he had that rare art of relating what he had seen without becoming either egotistical or wearisome. Altogether, there was a fascination about him that, almost unawares, exerted its influence over me. My wife seemed to be under its influence also for a while; but she appeared to struggle against it, and as the time drew near for the birth of her child she became cold and distant towards him in a way that surprised and pained me.

Our child was born—a pale, delicate infant, with her mother's eyes—and Zaruleika, in the first flush of a mother's glory, seemed to become more tender and fonder of me than she had ever been before.

One day, when she was quite convalescent, the Marquis de M—— called, and she, taking the child from its cradle, pressed it to her bosom, as though to shield herself from something. She turned and, kissing me, cried almost defiantly:

"Yes; I can see him *now!*"

Her whole life's joy seemed to be wrapped up in that infant, and the six weeks that followed its birth were the happiest that either she or I had passed since our marriage. Only six weeks, however, and then the gift that He had given us was taken away by the same Omnipotent hands; and we, poor worms writhing in the dust at His feet, should be content. But O reader! thou knowest not how hard it is if thou hast never lost one thou lovest, and even then not half the bitterness if thou hast never been a mother and lost thy first-born.

I thought her heart was broken. She ate, drank and slept in a listless, inanimate way. She seldom spoke, and never laughed; she did not even weep. The only interest she seemed to take in anything was in collecting every article, no matter how trifling, that had belonged to her child, and these she would gaze at for hours at a time, moaning sometimes, and whispering softly to herself. I tried to induce her to leave the place and try change of scene; but she would not listen to it, bursting into vehement fits of remonstrance, after which she would sink into her old apathy again.

This went on for nearly a month, when one day I missed her. Search was made, but she could not be found, until at last, half distracted, I came upon her, kneeling by our infant's grave, and praying wildly. I could catch but the last words she said, and these were: "My only chance of salvation." Then, bending, she kissed the stone wildly, passionately, and, rising, accompanied me homewards as though nothing had occurred.

The next morning I found a letter lying on my table, saying that she prayed my forgiveness, but that she could not live for me, and must die unless she was with the man she did love. These words were some furious outbursts of passion, saying God had mocked her by giving her a Saviour in her child and then taking it away; and she ended by again begging my forgiveness, and imploring me to cast her from out my thoughts as one unworthy even a place there, and not to attempt to follow either her or her companion.

And her companion was the Marquis de M——.

* * * * * * *

Two months had passed, but it seemed to me I had passed through a thousand years. I had been stricken down by a brain-fever, and encountered dreams and visions that even now make me shudder to recall. But half recovered from my illness, I followed upon their track from place to place, only sustained from breaking down by the desire of vengeance, that raged so fiercely in my bosom that, while it kept me from going mad yet was burning away my life, until I traced them here, and, meeting the seducer face to face, and choking with my pent-up passion, demanded his life as a satisfaction.

The meeting was arranged to take place in an hour's time in a wood just beyond the town. He wished to delay it until the morning, as it was then nearly dark, and until he could secure the services of someone to act as his second, as he knew of no one in the town. I could not, would not, wait, I said, a moment longer, and proposed that we would meet alone, and one or both of us must die; and I taunted him with cowardice in wishing to evade my vengeance. He did not return my taunts, but merely said:

"I shall be there."

At the time appointed I was on the ground. It was very dark—heavy clouds were drifting over the moon, and the stars were partially obscured. I had the pistols ready loaded, and was stepping off the nine paces, when I heard a carriage roll up, and, a moment after, my antagonist, wearing a slouched felt hat drawn over his face and a heavy riding-cloak, came towards me. My raging, almost rabid longing for vengeance must have blinded me, though I hardly looked at him, but pointed to the stepped-off ground and the pair of pistols, and told him to take his choice. He made an impatient motion with his hand and took the nearest. He never spoke. When I lit a small pocket-taper, and, sticking it in the rugged bark of a tree, asked him if the moment the light expired should be the signal to fire, he bowed assent, still in silence. Then he cast aside his cloak, and we both stood with fixed eyes upon the rapidly-consuming match. It flickered, then flared up again, and then went out. Almost on the instant I raised my pistol and fired. My antagonist also had raised his arm, but only to fire in the air, and the next moment fell heavily to the earth, almost shrieking:

"I have atoned!"

Great God! Was I dreaming? That voice! I rushed towards the wounded man, who, by a great effort raising himself, gasped:

"I drugged him that he might live—mine was the sin, and mine should be the atonement—forgive——"

The two coachmen had rushed in at the sound of the two pistol-shots, and the moon, emerging from behind a great dark cloud, flooded the earth with its hallowed, silver light, and then——

Fallen back, stiff and rigid, with the delicate hands lying forever nerveless on the dew-damp grass, and the tender moonlight streaming softly on a beautiful pallid face, lay Zaruleika—dead.

* * * * * * *

The moonlight falls softly now upon the grave of my darling; but a heavy mist is creeping slowly shorewards, as, crouching in its shadow, I vainly strive to grasp the mystic meaning of the music of the sea.

PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COXEY.

A LIGHTNING SERMON.

He looked more like a country circuit-preacher on a delicate salary than a lightning-rod agent, as he alighted from a carriage, walked into a hayfield and accosted a plain, old farmer. He wore a plain suit, of clerical cut, and his countenance was enveloped in a smile of sweet contentment as he approached the farmer, and opened up his sermon in the following language:

"Good-morning, my dear sir; a beautiful morning, indeed; the merry birds sing sweetly in the golden sunlight, beautiful flowers of nature look up to a bright sky, and every living thing seems fully to feel and enjoy the goodness of its Creator; yet ere nightfall—have you dwelt upon the thought, my dear friend?—ere the setting of the evening sun we may be hushed in death, these beautiful flowers lie withered and scorched, and those sweet songbirds be voiceless. Such is our condition of existence. I am here to explain to you the way of salvation, this lovely morning, while yet it is time. Every man knows, or ought to know, that He will in no case do for us that which He has given us the power to do for ourselves; and, having chosen man as His humble instrument through which He has seen fit to work, are you not, therefore, derelict in duty's paths when you neglect or refuse to recognize His divinely-appointed agents? Most certainly you are. Then, as a matter of moral and religious duty, you are bound to provide protection from the lightning's stroke as you are to ward off the murderous blow of the assassin or to protect your life and property from the horrors of conflagration or inundation. Our work is done on the scientific principles which were promulgated and are sustained by such minds as those of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Sir Humphrey Davy, Faraday, Besquerelle, Benjamin Butler, Count Joannes, Tom Allen, and all able scientists of the world who ever uphold the value and necessity of our protector, and I would——"

But he didn't. He was the sixth agent who had called on that man during the Summer, and, at the end of a three-tined pitchfork and with the assistance of an accomplished one-eyed sheepdog, he left the farmer and the field reluctantly, merely remarking as he went:

"Good-morning! I shall send one of our steel-clad solicitors around to complete the contract in a day or two."

MAM DIDN'T FLOP.

A woman quietly entered a drygoods-store in a populous Ohio town a few days ago, and began looking wistfully about the shelves and counters. She was a sad-looking woman, yes, with all her sadness, there was a lurking gleam of business in her eye. One of the polite clerks approached her with the remark:

"Hot weather we have been passing through. Is there anything I can show you to-day?"

"Yes, I want to see some mourning goods; I want to look at some black alpaca or for a dress; then I want to see a pair o' black gloves and one o' them long black veils, you know, what mourners wear. I'll want a whole mournin' suit."

"Yes, madam, I can show you the goods you want. You have met with a misfortune; been stricken with grief at the loss of some dear friend;" and, as he proceeded to throw black goods in confusing piles about the counter, he continued in a sympathizing way: "Ah, we must all go some time—the grim messenger on the gray hoss will enter the happiest of homes at most unexpected moments, and cast a pall of gloom over all loving hearts. Here are some choice articles of black wear, just suited to your wants, which are selling at cost prices. How much shall I measure off?"

"Oh, never mind," said the sad woman; "I guess I won't take it now. You see, I'm sort o' lookin' around. Mam's been purty bad for a while back, and I reckon she won't get over it. I've been thinkin' she might turn in and flop over sudden like, and I'm lookin' around to see where I can get the best bargains; there's nothin' like preparin' for trials in time, you know." After meditating a moment, she resumed: "No; I won't take them goods now; but they suit me first-rate, and if mam does flop over I'll send right in fur 'em, or come and get 'em myself. They're nice goods, and just what I want."

As she closed the last remark she walked slowly out, leaving the clerk staring at her in astonishment as he leaned on the pile of black goods on the counter. As she has not since sent in for the goods, it is to be presumed that mam hasn't flopped.

Canton, O., Sept. 12.

BESSIE DARE:

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MILT. HOFFMAN.

One of the strangest affairs ever known to San Francisco was the murder of an actor by the name of Ward, in broad daylight, on Kearney street, opposite that pretty patch of ground known as "The Plaza." Ward was not only an actor, but a playwright, though, to tell the truth, his reputation as a dramatist rested on a single production—"The Broadway Mystery," which had a brilliant run of one night, and was then withdrawn on account of a want of appreciation by the people, and a consequent lack of patronage.

"The play is good enough," said Ward after the performance, "but a more beastly presentation of a respectable drama I never saw before. Gentlemen, you have ruined me."

The actors to whom this was addressed laughed sneeringly at what they were pleased to call Ward's imbecility, and one of them remarked:

"We are not responsible for the failure of your piece; indeed, your good fortune would be ours as well, for is there one of us that you do not owe?"

"You, what?" demanded Ward, starting up.

"Money—borrowed money—cash in hand," replied the actor. "I hope your memory is not so short as your purse."

Ward was silent, for he knew that the actor spoke the truth, and he also knew that any further help from the stage was out of the question. With downcast eyes, he left the theatre and walked away in the direction of his home. About a month after this, walking down Kearney street, he received a dagger-thrust through the heart, which ended his existence. It was simply a quick thrust, a sudden fall, and the man was dead!

"Who killed Clarence Ward?" and "Where is the murderer?" were heard on every hand the next day; but the terrible fact that he was dead alone gave response. It was all a dark mystery, and but for the recent confession of an inmate of the hospital of St. Bartholomew, London, England, it would be a mystery still. The confession is autobiographical, and runs as follows:

My name is Edward Bowers, and the doctors say I am going to die, and I rather think myself I am, for I have been having a bad time lately, very bad; trouble about the heart—neuralgia, I believe they call it—which the same takes a person off mighty quick, I'm told. At any rate, the doctors have decided scientifically that I can live but a few days, and it wouldn't, therefore, become me at all to recover. But, should I disappoint the doctors and get well, what I am writing now shall be cast into the fire; but, if I die, my wish is that the manuscript be placed in the hands of someone of my countrymen for publication at home, that the veil of mystery which has long shrouded the death of Clarence Ward may be lifted.

It does not matter a great deal where I was born or who gave me birth. Suffice it to say that my mother was an actress, and early taught me the art of acting; then, as soon as I was old enough to shift for myself, she gave me free grace to do as I pleased, and I went straight to the bad.

I cannot say that I did anything very wrong—that is, if it is not wrong to steal, to swear, to lie; but somehow I was wonderfully proficient in all of these, and at the age of sixteen was a thorough man of the world. I lived in New York at the time, but the police there are always troublesome, and I left and went to Chicago. The people were very kind to me there, and I made quite a success on the stage; but, as soon as it was known that I could pick a pocket as easily as I could dance a jig, the officers of the law became disagreeable, and again I moved on, and started on my peregrinations, traveling westward as far as Kansas City, then south to New Orleans. Here I found plenty of kindred spirits, and for the first time in my life I was introduced into good society; Jack Williams the pugilist introduced me, and together we rolled in luxury for more than three months. Then came the query why I left New Orleans, but I think it was on account of some technical defect in the warrant; anyway, I left all of a sudden, and went direct to San Francisco. Should the manuscript be blurred and blotted at this point, you will understand the reason why when I tell you I always shed tears when I think of San Francisco, I believed myself there, I kept out of bad company, I joined the church and went to Sunday-school, and tried to live a sober and religious life. For more than a year I lived with the family of a Methodist clergyman, and looked upon myself as thoroughly reformed. But my good friend the minister went the way of all flesh at last, and now, to make a living for myself, I went back to the stage.

Have you among your friends a young girl of sixteen, blue eyes and golden hair, a rosebud mouth, and a sweet, baby face, so wonderfully pure that you almost think you are looking at an angel? If you have not, then you will never know how exquisitely lovely was the little waif of whom I write—Bessie Dare. She was unlike the other girls of the stage, for she was only a ballad-singer; but so modest, so pure, so beautiful, that I fell in love with her before I had known her an hour. And, strange enough, she seemed to like me wonderfully well; and, though she had many other admirers, I soon had her all to myself. Wait a moment; I am too fast; I did not have her all to myself. There was another who seemed to have as great a hold on her as I did; I mean the man whose death has so long been a mystery—Clarence Ward!

"Bessie," I said to her one night as I was going home with her from the theatre, "who is Clarence Ward?"

"Why, don't you know?" she replied.

"No; how should I?"

"You have seen him often enough."

"Yes; he is always with you nowadays. Who is he?"

"An actor."

"A particular friend of yours?"

"Yes."

I grew furiously angry.

"What do you mean, girl?" I cried. "Are you deceiving me?"

"In what way am I?" she asked.

"You encourage this Clarence Ward to come and see you. Are you not betrothed to me?"

She did not reply; her eyes were downcast.

"Answer me!" I cried.

I felt her little hand trembling on my coat-sleeve, and there was a strange pathos in her voice as she replied:

"I have more reason to love him than anyone else in the world, and it will be a long while before I neglect him for another. Why, you certainly are not jealous?"

"Jealous?" I repeated; "oh, no; I am not jealous!" And then I spoke sarcastically of her friendship for Ward, reproached her for a heartless flirt, and finally left her with a devilish hatred for somebody, anybody, I cared not who, rankling in my heart.

The next night I went to the theatre as usual; but the doors were closed, and I was told by the manager, who stood outside waving a big cane, that he had been served with an injunction, or some other process of law, which the same would inconvenience him for a few days at least, and maybe break up the show.

"It doesn't strike me as being exactly on the square," he said, more to himself than to me. "If I could borrow a thousand dollars——"

I interrupted him by calling attention to a man carrying a banner on which was stamped in large letters: "The Brambleton Mystery!"

"A new play by that idiot Ward," sneered the manager. "I wonder he will never get done writing plays. It is put on to-night for the first time, I believe."

"At what theatre?" I asked.

"Across the way."

I determined to see that play at all hazards, not because I had any interest in it, but for the reason that its author was Clarence Ward.

"A flat thing, I'll warrant," said a friend of mine, as I entered the theatre. "Do you know this fellow Ward? He is only about half right in the mind. Here she goes. Now listen."

It was not a bad piece of dramatic composition, but it was evident from the first that it would not prove a success. The movement was slow, and the colloquy rather formal. I was glad when it was over.

When the people were gone Ward came out; he was very excited, and not at all particular in his talk, alleging that the failure of his play was due to bad acting, and nothing more. Then he went away, and I followed him.

"Just as I thought," I muttered to myself, after I had shadowed him several blocks; "he is going to see Bessie Dare, and get her to comfort him. Curse them both."

I loved Bessie with all my heart, and she had said as much for me, and I was almost wild at the thought of being supplanted by another.

Bessie had neither father nor mother, or other relations, so far as I knew; she lived with an old couple in a little old house on Cedar street, and had things about as she pleased.

Well, I knew that Ward was going there, and I followed him, and, sure enough, he went in, and presently a light appeared in the parlor, and, five minutes later, looking through the half-open shutters, I saw Bessie in his arms, with his great, gaunt face bending over her, and her pretty arms around his neck, and she was crying bitterly.

Do you wonder that I was angry? Looking back now at the scene, my only surprise is that I did not shoot them both dead on the spot. The thought that she would thus deceive me almost drove me wild. I beat my head with my hand, and tore my hair, and then fell down and clutched at the earth like a madman.

It was early in the morning when I came to my senses. The house was dark and still, and I slunk away, more dead than alive, and, for a full week following avoided even my nearest friends. Then I left the city; but a note from Bessie saying she loved me above all others, and that she would explain matters to me if I would return, brought me back, and I went straight to her house. It was broad daylight when I entered the yard; but no one saw me go in, and I felt that I was alone. I went on; I reached the vine-covered porch. The door was open, and I looked in; then I started back, stunned and bewildered!

How my hand trembles as I write this! What a swimming light there is in the room! I say that I was stunned and bewildered, and so I was; for, will you believe me? there was the hated Clarence Ward right before me, and in his arms, nestling like a child asleep, beautiful as a dream, was Bessie Dare.

I need not say what happened next; it is enough to know that an hour later I found myself on Kearney street, passing along with the ever-jostling crowd, and in front of me a few paces, unconscious of my presence, was my hated rival, Clarence Ward. I had followed him at a distance, and, if I hung for it the next minute, I was going to kill him. Do you think it possible to kill a man in a crowd without being discovered? The easiest thing in the world. You slip up behind him quietly, and, when the jam is the greatest, give a quick blow with a dagger, and the work is done. That is the way I killed Clarence Ward. He fell all of a heap, and died without a groan. I did not wait to look at him after he was dead. But, still terribly excited, went straight to the home of Bessie Dare.

"I have had my revenge!" I shouted the moment I saw her. "I have killed him! I have killed him! The wretch! the wretch!"

"Who—who?" cried Bessie, all of a fright.

"Clarence Ward."

The name was scarcely out of my mouth when the girl threw up her hands and burst out in one wild flood of grief. She seemed like a person gone mad, and I could only stand and stare at her in speechless wonder.

"My dear, dead brother!" she cried. "How could you kill him? What had he ever done to you? He was my brother, and I his sister—nothing more. O God, what am I to do! I am going mad!"

She fled the house at once, and I followed her, and when I last saw her she was bending over the body of her dead brother, wringing her hands and sobbing wildly. She could have told who killed him, but she did not do it; she loved me too well for that; when she caught sight of me in the crowd she only waved me back, and burst out with new and terrible grief.

All this happened ten years ago, and I have not seen Bessie since, and do not know where she is. I have looked for her everywhere, I have traveled the world over, I have searched through every city after city, but she is nowhere to be found. Had she kept her own name, Bessie Ward, instead of Bessie Dare, the name she went by as an actress, perhaps I should not have killed her brother. But I was mad at the time, and madmen know no reason.

Strange that the doctors should keep on telling me I am going to die. I had a dream last night, and in it I saw Bessie, just as I used to see her, with her gipsy hat in her hand and her bright curls flying in the wind, and somehow, when I awoke, it was with a desire to live, that I might find the little girl and ask her forgiveness; for without it I cannot live, but with it I can die happy.

CHARLES R. THORNE JR.

Born at the corner of Bayard and Elizabeth streets, in this city, of parents who have both held for many years distinguished positions in the dramatic profession, the subject of our sketch, whose portrait adorns our first page, was taken when a youth to San Francisco, Cal. He first trod the stage when 14 years of age in the American Theatre, under his father's management. In that city, in 1854, acting Master George Shelby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After returning to this city, he commenced his professional career at the National Theatre, Chatham street, under the management of the late A. H. Purdy. He remained here but a brief period, and then went to Boston, where he played small business for a time, and then traveled through the West with a company under his father's management. About 1858 he became a member of George Pauncefort's company, then holding a high reputation in the New England circuit, and continued with it some time. For the season of 1860-61 he was engaged at the Winter Garden, in this city, and the following season he was a member of J. W. Lanergan's company, traveling in the West Indies. He next went to San Francisco, Cal., where he was engaged at Maguire's Opera-house during the seasons of 1862-3 and 1863-4. In 1864 he took a company to China and Japan and to the city of Yokohama, in the last-named country, gave for the first time there dramatic performances in the English language by an American company. While performing in Hong Kong, China, he had the honor of introducing gas for the first time in a theatre in that country. The owner of the theatre was also the owner of the newly-erected gas-works, and, desiring that the public should see the superiority of the illuminating medium he was prepared to furnish, he offered such inducements to Mr. Thorne that he caused it to be introduced into the theatre. Returning to San Francisco, Cal., after an absence of nine months, he resumed his former position in Tom Maguire's company, and continued there two seasons, during the last of which (1865-6) he played leading business for the first time. Coming East, he was engaged as the leading man of the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, which position he held for three seasons. During the Summer of 1867, being in this city, he was engaged for the leading role in "British Neutrality" at the Olympic Theatre; but the play proved a failure. For the season of 1869-70 he was engaged to lead the business at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, Mass., and during the early part of the season he was "farmed out" to the management of Tom Burroughs in "Formosa." He began his engagement at Selwyn's acting Raphael in "The Marble Heart," but canceled it ere the season ended and went to San Francisco, Cal., where he played his first star engagement in that city in Maguire's Opera-house. At the commencement of the season of 1870-1 he was engaged as stage-manager for Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who began an engagement in Wood's Museum, this city, Sept. 5, acting in "Twixt Axe and Crown," Mr. Thorne playing Courtenay. He subsequently acted Orlando to her Rosalind, and after the close of the engagement, Oct. 14, supported her on a tour of the New England cities, playing Romeo to her Juliet, and Claude Melnotte to her Pauline. He was then engaged at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., under the management of the late John Lewis Baker. Shortly after his arrival in that city, being unacclimated, he was stricken down with yellow fever; but his life was saved by careful nursing and skilful medical attendance. The destruction of the theatre by fire, Dec. 1, 1870, annulled his engagement, and, returning North, he was immediately engaged for the rest of the season in the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. During the seasons of 1871-2 and 1872-3 he was engaged at the Chestnut, under the management of the late E. L. Davenport. In 1872 he came to this city to play in "Black Friday" at Niblo's Garden; but, finding that the character he represented was intended to be the counterpart of E. S. Stokes, then on trial for the murder of James Fisk Jr., he threw it and resigned; but his position after a single performance. At the commencement of the season of 1873-4 he made his first appearance at the Union-square Theatre, in this city, as leading-man—a position which he has since held with great credit to himself and benefit to the theatre. For his opening role he created the character of Lord du Bourg in "The Geneva Cross," which had forty-nine representations; his next original parts were Athlens in "The Wicked World," and Count Rudolph Chandoce in "Led Astray," which ran 166 nights. After closing the season, as Armand in "Camille," he sailed for England under engagement to Dion Boucicault, and played the part of Rudolph Chandoce in "Led Astray" at the Galety Theatre, London, for nine weeks, receiving the most flattering encomiums from the public press. Returning to America, he opened the season of 1874 at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, acting in "Led Astray," and on opening in the Union-square Theatre he was first seen as Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback," next as St. Lo in "Love's Sacrifice," and subsequently he created the character of Chevalier de Vaudrey in "The Two Orphans," which ran 180 nights, terminating the season. He then went with that company to Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., where they played the same drama for six weeks. For the opening of the season of 1875-6, Oct. 4, he was again seen at the Union-square in "Led Astray," which ran for fifty-six nights; and on Nov. 23 he acted originally Count de Vernay in "Rose Michel," which ran until March 21, 1876, when "Ferreol" was produced, with Mr. Thorne in the title-role. This drama gave way on May 8, for "Conscience," in which the subject of our sketch created the part of Eustace Lawton, adding much to his reputation by his artistic impersonation thereof. During the Summer he again visited Chicago, Ill., playing during a six weeks' sojourn the chief roles of the past season. The season of 1876 in New York opened with a revival of "The Two Orphans," and towards the close Mr. Thorne acted originally the character of Osip in "The Danichefs." During the season of 1877-8 he did not appear in the Union-square Theatre, but with others of the company fulfilled a long engagement in Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., and then played for brief periods of time in St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati and Philadelphia. This season he opens Sept. 24 in the Union-square Theatre, creating the character of Fabrice in "Mother and Son."

A CALIFORNIA FARM.—A farm sixty miles long and ten wide in one track, mostly fenced, is that of Miller & Lux, cattle monopolists of California. They have 80,000 head of stock, own 700,000 acres of choice land, and are rated as worth $15,000,000.

A LETTER recently produced in a breach-of promise suit as evidence contained the following sentence: "Dearest love—I swallowed the post-age-stamp on your letter, because I knew your lips had touched it."

AN ARTESIAN WELL 3,250 feet deep has been bored in Pesth, Hungary. It is the deepest in the world, being nearly twice the depth of that in Paris. It sends up a jet of nearly boiling water forty-two feet high.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NOT DIZZY, BUT REAL.

Unprincipled managers, were they lucky enough to secure such a bevy of beauty as this, would no doubt cover the billboards with flaming announcements of "Dizzy Blondes in Real Water." Fortunately, we are not unprincipled. Therefore we frankly say that none of these young women are dizzy, and only two of them are blondes. They are bathing, to be sure, in real water—by the way, what other kind of water is there except it be mixed with tansy?—but they are doing it for their own amusement, and not for the edification of the public. Perhaps they are actresses at Coney Island. Perhaps they are at this moment admiring the glories of the sunset, or perhaps the symmetrical figure of some clam-eating Apollo. At all events, they are pretty, and the one kind of mermaid in which we ever take any stock.

THE WAVE-KISSED SHORE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

On Long Island's wave-kissed shore
I have wandered o

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

JOHN BOWYER, VETERAN CRICKETER.

We publish this week a portrait of John Bowyer, the oldest living cricketer in England, for which, and the accompanying sketch, we are indebted to *The London Sporting and Dramatic News:*

John Bowyer was born at Mitcham, Eng., June 18, 1790, and consequently has well entered upon his eighty-ninth year. The first important match in which he appeared was Surrey vs. Kent, at Lord's, July 16, 1810. There were then still in their prime many famous members of the old Hambledon Club, and John Bowyer can boast of having played against William Beldham, Wells, Robinson, Thomas Walker, Fennex and Lambert (the "Little Farmer"). Even in that age of cricket giants he was a celebrity. As a left-handed batsman he had no superior—he could hit hard, and was an obstinate sticker. He played in six of the unique matches, the B.'s vs. England, when the B.'s mustered such famous players as Lord Frederic Beauclerc, Mr. E. H. Budd, Will Beldham, George Brown (of Brighton, the fastest bowler of his time), and Tom Beagley. Bowyer played his last match in 1838, and since then has resided at Mitcham, where until 1870 he used to stand umpire in the village matches, and was a cricket oracle to all the country-side. One who saw him eighteen years ago described him as "still of fresh and ruddy cheeks, great nimbleness of movement, and vivacity of eye." And his eye kindled as he told of the days when he went "cricketing with Lord Frederic Beauclerc, all round the country, and in London, when we all put up together at the Green Man, in Oxford street; wine and the best of beef wasn't too good for us, though those days soon cleaned out all the guineas paid for playing. Then that was the time for the Legs to come among us, buy us up, and make the great matches safe enough to lay their hundreds on. But mark you this, sir, they didn't buy the same man twice. No; 'once sold always sold' it was with them, for they would hold the treat over the man that if he turned too particular he must expect to hear of the rogue he had done already." The betting on cricket in those days was tremendous, and every effort was made to "square" matches. Old Beldham used to tell of a single-wicket match he played, which was a "double-cross," one man being paid on each side to lose. Consequently, at a critical point, one man would not bowl straight and the other would not hit, till the inevitable straight one came, and down went the wicket, to the disgust of the bowler. In an article from the well-known pen of "F. G." which appears this month in *Baily's Magazine*, the writer says: "Old Bowyer told me a day or two before writing this how in a match a noble lord drew himself in the guinea lottery for runs, and was in with him (Bowyer). He would not run any runs hardly but his own if he could help it, in order to get the lottery; "and," said old Bowyer, "Lord Ponsonby, who had drawn my name, promised me two guineas if I got most runs. But Lord ——— went backwards and forwards to the scorers to count the strokes and mine, and the end of it was that he got sixty-four and I only got sixty. Though," said the old man, "he did give me a guinea, Lord Ponsonby would have given me two, and I call that kind of thing which Lord —— did 'cheating,' no more or less."

THE OLDEST LIVING CRICKETER.

Miss Mitford in "Our Village" has left us a picture of cricket in those days. She thus describes what she saw at Lord's: "A set of ugly old men, white-headed and bald-headed, dressed in tight white jackets (the Apollo Belvidere could not bear the hideous disguise of a cricketing-jacket), with neckcloths primly tied round their throats, fine japanned shoes, silk stockings and gloves, instead of our fine village-lads, with their unbuttoned collars, their loose waistcoats, and the large shirt-sleeves, which give an air so picturesque and Italian to their glowing, bounding youthfulness; there they stand, railed in by themselves, silent, solemn, slow, playing for money, making a business of the thing, grave as judges, taciturn as chess-players, a sort of dancers without music, instead of the glee, the fun, the shouting, the laughter, the glorious confusion of the country game."

Among such worthies did John Bowyer's lot fall; but it says much for him that in an age when an honest cricketer was something of a rarity he had a reputation for honesty which he never forfeited. They were a long-lived race, those veterans of the "single wicket" days, but recently that Mr. Budd died at the age of over ninety years. Mr. Felix still later passed away in a green old age. Bill Beldham died some fourteen years ago, when he was well over ninety; and here is old John Bowyer, in his eighty-ninth year. We wish we could say still hale and hearty, but he was taken seriously ill on the 14th of June last, and it was feared that the illness would prove fatal. That fear has, we are glad to say, not been realized, and old John Bowyer, we hope, may yet pull through, and for some years longer enjoy the honor and dignity of being the oldest living cricketer.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET GAMES.
The Grand Match of 1872.

The contest of 1872 between the gentlemen's twelve of England and the American twenty-two was the best match of all of the series of international contests ever played in this country. It took place Sept. 21, 23, 24. The following account of the play may be of interest just now, in view of the visit of the Australians:

On the 23d the American Twenty-two—composed, with some two or three exceptions, entirely of native-American cricketers—had been put out in their second inning for 74 runs, which left the English Twelve 33 runs to get to win. Ordinarily this small score would have been wiped off the slate by half a dozen of Grace's big hits; but this time the great batsman had no ordinary players opposed to him. The bowling, as supported as it was in the field, rendering it very difficult to score runs, even with the batting of the English Twelve. Some enthusiastic Britishers thought that the Twelve would obtain the 33 without the loss of a wicket; not so Captain Fitzgerald, however, or the majority of his men, as six of them prepared to go to the bat, knowing that the uncertainties attendant upon the game would perhaps render it necessary for that number to go in; but they did not expect that *nine* of their number would be required to score 33 runs, yet so it was. At 12:15 on Monday, Caffyn and Ottaway went in against the bowling of Charley Newhall and Spencer Meade—Gen. Meade's son—both being well on the wicket and sending in dangerous balls. Grace opened the play with a single off Charley; but the first ball that Newhall bowled to Ottaway took his leg-stump, and the telegraph announced one wicket down for one run. This was an auspicious opening, and the American began to field with much more confidence. The Englishmen were a little surprised, but still thought it simply a sample of the "glorious uncertainty" of the game, and so sent in Hornby to take place to finish the run-up. The latter began well, and he scored a fine leg-hit for 3, when he popped a ball into Rob Newhall's hands at short-leg, and the second wicket fell for 8 runs. Of course loud cheers greeted the result, as the fall of every wicket not only added to the credit of the Twenty-two's play, but increased the somewhat slight chances of ultimate success. Alfred Lubbock succeeded Hornby, and "I hope Alfred will pull the match off" was the remark of one of the Twelve; but the handsome batsman of the "Zingari" eleven had only obtained 3 runs when he returned a ball to Charley Newhall, and down went the third wicket for 15 runs. Hadow now came in, and steady play was the order, and the score had been run up to 18, when Meade fell to Hadow's off-stumper, the fourth wicket for 18, and Twenty-two stock up at par. The score had been run up to 29 when Grace gave a chance to Joe Hargraves behind the wicket, off Newhall, and up went the ball, and Grace was bowled out on the leg-side, his score being only 7. This was serious work, and, for the first time, the Englishmen began to feel insecure as to the ultimate result, for their best men were falling, the bowling was up to the highest mark, and the fielding seemed to improve rather than otherwise. Lord Harris' son followed Grace, and he and Hadow were apparently well in, when Harris hit a ball to cover-point, which was well held by John Hargraves, the fifth wicket falling for 29. This left but four runs to get to win; and, when Francis went to the wicket, all thought that an over or two would end the game; but the bowling and fielding were too "red hot" for even such batsmen as faced the Americans in this match to score runs from, and before the score could be increased two more wickets went down, Hadow being bowled by Meade for 6, and Francis by C. Newhall for a duck-egg, the seventh wicket falling for 29. Such a scene as ensued as Charley took Francis' wicket had not been seen before on the Germantown cricket-field. All was excitement, even the Englishmen were intensely interested, and for the first time began to fear for the match. Just at this time another leg-bye was scored, and this left but 3 runs to get to win. Edwin Lubbock faced one over from Charley, and had an over from Meade, when Appleby cut a ball off Newhall for 4, the only hit of the kind in the match, and the game ended.

Ann in the English players at the club-house applauded them with the remarks of "Well bowled," "Well fielded," they being loud in their praises of the fine play. We give Appleby's score:

TWENTY-TWO OF PHILADELPHIA.

First Inning.		Second Inning.	
Brewster b. Appleby	4	c. Rose b. Grace	0
H. Newhall b. Appleby	0	c. Fitzgerald b. Grace	1
Welsh b. Appleby	1	b. Appleby	1
R. Newhall b. Appleby	4	c. Hornby b. Appleby	0
Large b. w. b. Grace	15	c. Appleby b. Grace	0
Ashfaldter b. w. b. Rose	2	b. Grace	0
Baird c. Harris b. Rose	0	l. b. w. b. Appleby	6
G. Newhall b. Appleby	0	b. Appleby	9
J. Hargraves b. Appleby	2	b. Grace	4
W. Morgan st. Ottaway b. Grace	7	c. Hadow b. Grace	1
D. Newhall b Grace	0	st. Ottaway b. Grace	13
Gaw c. Rose b. Grace	2	not out	2
C. Newhall b. Appleby	3	l. b. w. b. Appleby	0
Meade c. E. Lubbock b. Grace	0	b. Appleby	2
T. Hargraves c. Ottaway b. Grace	3	st. Ottaway b. Grace	3
Clay b. Grace	4	c. Hadow b. Grace	13
J. Harrraves, run out	11	c. and b. Grace	7
Sanderson b. Appleby	0	b. Grace	1
Magee st. Ottaway b. Grace	3	b. Appleby	1
Welsh Jr., not out	3	run out	0
Bye, 1; leg-bye, 1	2	Byes	4
Total	63	Total	74

First Inning	ENGLISH TWELVE.	Second Inning.	
Grace b. Newhall	14	c. Hargraves b. Newhall	7
Ottaway, run out	10	b. Newhall	0
Hornby b. Meade	4	c. R. Newhall b. Meade	4
A. Lubbock, run out	9	b. Newhall	3
Hadow c. J. Hargraves b. Newhall	29	b. Meade	6
Harris c. D. Newhall b. C. Newhall	3	c. J. Hargraves b. Meade	8
Francis b. Newhall	0	b. Newhall	0
Appleby c. Magee b. Meade	2	not out	4
E. Lubbock c. J. Hargraves b. Newhall	0	not out	0
Rose c. J. Hargraves b. Newhall	0		
Pickering b. C. Newhall	0		
Fitzgerald, not out	7		
Byes, 4; l. b., 7; wides, 5	16	Leg-byes	2
Total	105	Total	34

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

TWELVE—First Inning.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wkts
Rose	64	16	6	2
Appleby	145	23	26	8
Grace	84	22	10	9
Second Inning.				
Appleby	152	24	26	8
Grace	151	46	10	12
TWENTY-TWO—First Inning.				
C. Newhall	212	29	26	8
Meade	200	44	28	3
Second Inning.				
C. Newhall	73	24	9	4
Meade	57	8	13	3

FALL OF WICKETS.—THE TWELVE.

First inning..... 28 30 50 51 56 66 86 88 90 104—105
Second inning..... 16 19 29 29

THE TWENTY TWO—First Inning.

2 2 5 8 11 11 11 19 30 30 35 36 36 36 42 42 46 46 46 51—63

Second Inning.

10 13 13 13 13 14 26 29 29 31 32 34 35 35 41 61 62 70 72 74—74

Umpires, Messrs. Farrands and Chas. Barclay. Scorers, Messrs. H. Chadwick and J. D. Rodney. Time, 10h. 45m.

THE AUSTRALIAN TWELVE.

The following is the description of the twelve players composing the Australian team, who are to arrive in New York the last of the month. The team includes two professionals—Chas. Bannerman and T. Kendall—and ten amateur or non-professional players. The first on the list is

Charles Bannerman, the W. G. Grace of Australia, a native of N. S. Wales, and a professional; without a rival as a batsman in all Australia; described by Lillie as "second only to Grace." He will show our cricketers how to bat. His memorable inning of 165 (retired hurt) against the All-England Eleven in Melbourne last March has never been equaled in Australia—not even by the great W. G.—and could not have been surpassed by any cricketer the world has produced. A safe as well as a free batsman, scoring off all kinds of bowling, and yet playing the balls beautifully along the carpet. For one so short of stature, his freedom, and particularly his grand off driving and leg hitting, are marvelous. An active field, with quick return. Not much of a bowler. Scored 83 and 24 against 15 of Sydney in a recent match. About 25 years of age.

T. Horan (Victorian amateur) ranks next to Charley Bannerman as a batsman. The opposite of Bannerman, being most patient and defensive, and yet having brilliant style. Played grandly against the Englishmen in the first match, though he only scored 12 and 28. Trustworthy to an unusual degree, and always shows true cricket. Plays back and "places" balls. Has scored over a century several times during past three seasons, and headed Victorian batsmen last year. Scored 37 and 18 at Sydney lately. Bowls fast round-arm; fields tolerably well.

F. Spofforth (New South Wales amateur), the fast bowler of the team. High delivery and terrific pace, but can drop wood and send a slow one without perceptible difference in delivery. Favors "yorkers" with telling effect. Took eight English wickets for 24 runs in January last. Moderate batsman and fine field. Is said to be able to throw a ball with any man in Australia. Has thrown one 120 yards.

E. Allan, "the bowler of a century," is an amateur cricketer, being engaged in the Civil Service of Victoria. For many years he has taken a prominent part in the intercolonial matches between New South Wales and Victoria, and has more than once distinguished himself against an English eleven. Has a very high, left handed delivery—easy and graceful—and, being over six feet in height, he is especially dangerous on a bumpy wicket. Had the best analysis—10 for 57 wicket for eight wickets—against Lillywhite's Eleven. A fine field; a poor bat.

G. H. Bailey, the Tasmanian. A grand amateur batsman, a native of Hobart Town, and the "Island Colony," where he has acquired his cricket. A dashing and pretty batsman, combining grace with power. A rapid scorer. Has frequently made his century against the best bowling on Tasmania. Average last year, 29. An active and untiring field; a good change-bowler.

A. Bannerman, an amateur, who takes the place of Evans, the great Sydney bowler, is looked upon in the New South Welshmen as the most brilliant young batsman of the colony; indeed, is spoken of as "the most promising batsman in Australia." Is said to be even more dashing than his brother Charles, particularly on the leg side. Is a magnificent field and fair change-bowler. He has made some very tall scores, his average last season being 33 per inning, and including one inning of 154.

J. McC. Blackham, the wicket-keeper. An amateur, a native of Victoria, and about 23 years of age. Less display than Pooley, but not much, if at all, inferior in getting wickets out by catching and stumping. Perhaps he cannot take the ball from the field so neatly as "the wicket-keeper of the world;" but he runs him very close indeed, and is quiet behind the stumps. Therefore a curiosity as a wicket-keeper. An effective bat.

H. Boyle, a Victorian amateur not unknown in South Australia, is one of the most useful members of the team. Fine medium-pace bowler, with a high and easy delivery, possessing excellent judgment in varying pitch and pace. Backs up his bowling well. Played with Stuart Melbourne against Eleven of South Australia in March, and got five wickets for 18 runs and three for 23. Scored 15 and 13. In first-class Victorian matches last year took forty-six wickets for 7 runs each. Fair batsman, grand field, safe catch.

T. Kendall (Victorian professional). A splendid bowler, with a break from both sides. Left-handed and easy delivery. Rarely off the wicket, and has great command of pitch and pace. Took 7 wickets for 55, in one inning, against Lillywhite's Eleven. Visited Adelaide in February, 1876, but only managed to get 1 wicket for 44 runs. A happy-go-lucky batsman, but generally scores. Not over active in the field, though a safe catch. (Twelfth man.)

D. W. Gregory (N. S. W.), amateur, one of the Australian eleven in their two matches, and is a sterling cricketer. A stout hearted batsman, trustworthy against any bowling. Has not much style, but has a good deal of energy and lungpower. Very good field; safe catch, and can throw in to the wicket at the highest speed. Bowling seemed to improve rather than otherwise. Lord Harris' son followed Grace, and he and Hadow were apparently well in, when Harris hit a ball to cover-point, which was well held by John Hargraves, the fifth wicket falling for 29. This left but four runs to get to win; and, when Francis went to the wicket, all thought that an over or two would end the game; but the bowling and fielding were too "red hot" for even such batsmen as faced the Americans in this match to score runs from, and before the score could be increased two more wickets went down, Hadow being bowled by Meade for 6, and Francis by C. Newhall for a duck-egg, the seventh wicket falling for 29. Such a scene as ensued as Charley took Francis' wicket had not been seen before on the Germantown cricket-field. All was excitement, even the Englishmen were intensely interested, and for the first time began to fear for the match. Just at this time another leg-bye was scored, and this left but 3 runs to get to win. Edwin Lubbock faced one over from Charley, and had an over from Meade, when Appleby cut a ball off Newhall for 4, the only hit of the kind in the match, and the game ended.

BASEBALL.

METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP.
Closely Contested Games.

Noteworthy among several finely played games in the championship arena last week, were the twelve-inning contest between the New York and Montgomery nines on the Capitoline Grounds, and the defeat of the Flyaways by the Hudsons on the Union Grounds. The former, played Sept. 16, was quite a surprise to the friends of the New York nine, who expected to see them get away with the Montgomerys with ease after their well-played game with the Witokas; but the Montgomerys played well in a majority of the innings, and the New-Yorkers found it difficult to win. The score stood 4 to 4 at the end of the ninth inning, and the end of the eleventh saw it unchanged. In the twelfth inning the Montgomerys were again retired for a blank, and the New-Yorkers had scored one run when the Montgomerys complained that it was too dark to play further, and the game was called. There was quite a discussion in regard to how the game was to be declared; but the law in such cases is very plain, as will be seen by section 8 of Rule II, as follows:

"The umpire in any match game shall, in case of rain or darkness, determine when play shall be suspended, and, if the game cannot be fairly concluded, it shall be decided by the score of the last equal inning played, unless one nine shall have completed their inning, and the other nine shall have equaled or exceeded the score of their opponents in their incompleted inning, in which case the game shall be decided by the total score obtained, which score shall be recorded as the score of the game."

Had the Montgomerys scored a run in their twelfth inning, and had it become too dark for the New York side to have a chance to equal it or exceed it in their part of the twelfth inning, it would have been the duty of the umpire to decide it by the score of the last even inning played, viz., the eleventh, in which the score was 4 to 4—drawn game. But after the Montgomerys had played their part in the twelfth inning, and done all they could do to increase their score, all that was necessary for the New York nine to do to win was to get in one run in their part of the twelfth inning. This done, that ended the contest, even if darkness or rain stopped play immediately afterwards, and the inning remained incompleted.

MONTGOMERY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	NEW YORK.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Shannon, 3d b.	1	1	2	2	3	Anderson, 3d b.	2	1	2	6	1
Schaffer, 1st b.	2	1	17	0	0	Holden, s. s.	1	1	3	1	2
Ridley, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Tanner, 2d b.	0	0	0	2	2
McGirk, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Walker, 1st b.	1	1	10	0	0
Hayes, c.	0	1	5	4	0	Kelly, p.	0	0	0	1	2
Hodes, s. s.	1	1	1	4	1	Mack, c.	0	1	11	1	7
Crow an, 2d b.	0	0	2	4	4	Golden, c. f.	0	1	1	0	2
McElroy, l. f.	0	0	3	0	1	Murphy, l. f.	0	0	3	0	1
Dougherty, p.	0	2	1	0	0	Simmons, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	6	34	12	12	Totals	5	6	36	7	18

Montgomery	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
New York	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1—5

First base by errors—Montgomery, 5; New York, 6. Earned runs—Montgomery, 1; New York, 1. Time, 2h. 30m.

On the 17th two games were played on Brooklyn in a manner which fully illustrated the respective features of a splendid fielding contest and a heavy batting game. On the Union Grounds, on that day, the Hudsons of Brooklyn met the New York Flyaways for the second time this season, and, though defeated in the first match by 4 to 2, in this game they won by 2 to 0, after a display of skill in the field equal to the best professional exhibitions of the season. In striking contrast was the match on the Capitoline Grounds between the Witoka and Astor nines, that proving to be a game marked by no fewer than thirty-five fielding errors, the latter being charged with 13 and the former losing with 22. The Witokas scored 21 base-hits to the Astors' 6, the contest being one of heavy hitting and plenty of errors, it being tedious in the extreme to the lookers-on. The Hudsons on this occasion had their full team, and played in masterly style throughout. Schenck never pitched better, and Joe Farrell caught splendidly. In fact, every position was very finely played, as the scores show. The Flyaways, too, had a strong team out, and so well was Purroy supported that not a run was obtained by the Hudsons until the ninth inning, up to which time the errors did not prove costly. The play in this inning, however, decided the contest. The Hudsons began it, Jas. Farrell getting his base through an error on the part of Towart; and on a missed chance for a fly catch by McGeachan, only error charged, reached home, a passed ball assisting him round the bases. Two men were out, and M. Smith had reached second by the dropped fly and a wild pitch, when Schenck gave Reilly a base-hit, thus closing the inning with two unearned runs. It now looked bad for the Flyaways; but they faced the music pluckily, Towart leading off with a base-hit to centre field, on which he reached his second on a failure to field to recover the ball in time; and, as Loughlin had his base given him on called balls, the chances for a rally in running looked very promising. Now it was, however, that the Hudsons pitched, caught and fielded with telling effect, the result being that the Flyaway men were left on their bases, the score being 2 to 0. The umpiring was very good, and the conduct of the players, under the excitement, creditable. The score:

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	FLYAWAY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
J. Farrell, 2d b.	1	1	4	7	0	Towart, 3d b.	0	1	2	2	3
McCord, c.	0	0	11	1	0	Loughlin, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	0
B. Raleigh, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0	Furroy, p.	0	0	1	1	2
M. Smith, s. s.	1	1	0	3	0	Cramer, c.	0	1	8	1	2
Schenck, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Reilly, 1st b.	0	1	9	0	0
J. Farrell, c.	0	0	3	2	0	McCann, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	1
R. Smith, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Wareham, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Schenck, p.	0	0	0	3	0	Tilly, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Raleigh, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Nolan, c.	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	2	3	27	16	1	Totals	1	3	27	17	10

Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Flyaway	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs earned—Hudson, 5. First base by errors—Hudson, 3; Orange, 2. Umpire, John Bunce. Time, 1h. 55m.

On Sept. 20 but one game was played, owing to the inability of the Orange to proceed in time men, their game with the Witokas being postponed. On the Union Grounds the Astor boys troubled the strong nine of the Hudson Club to defeat them.

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ASTOR.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, r. f.	0	3	1	0	0	Colligan, p.	0	1	1	2	0
Smith, s. s.	0	0	1	0	1	Percell, 2d b.	1	1	6	3	0
B. Raleigh,	0	0	5	2	6	Hayes, 3d b.	0	0	4	3	4
Schenck, 3d b.	0	1	5	3	0	Costello, s. s.	1	0	0	6	2
Lavin, 1st b.	1	2	6	0	0	Hurley, 1st b.	0	2	10	0	1
Fagin, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Bennett, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Morgan, l. f.	0	0	3	2	0	Fisher, c.	0	2	0	2	0
McCord, 2d b.	0	1	5	1	2	Pender, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0
J. Raleigh, p.	1	2	1	0	1	Snyder, l. f.	0	2	4	1	1
Totals	3	12	27	6	10	Totals	4	6	27	18	8

Hudson	0	2	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0—5
Astor	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0—4

Earned runs—Hudson, 3; Astor, 1. First base by errors—Hudson, 5; Astor, 6. Umpire, Mr. Chris. Mack. Scorer, Mr. Fry. Time, 2h.

MANCHESTER vs. HAYMAKER.

The Manchesters, for the third time this season, visited Troy, N. Y., Sept. 18, and for the third time beat the Haymakers. They batted Nichols for eighteen hits, four bases for two-twenty-seven totals. It was the finest batting done there this season. The Haymakers could hardly touch O'Leary, only making six bases off him. Seven errors on second and bad judgment at right field gave them the six runs in the fourth inning.

HAYMAKER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCHESTER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, c.	0	0	4	2	2	Cogswell, 1st b.	1	1	4	5	0
Clapp, 1st b.	0	1	11	1	0	O'Rourke, l. f.	2	4	2	0	0
Mansell, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0	O'Leary, p.	1	2	1	6	4
Haskins, c.	0	0	6	2	2	Hawkes, 2d b.	2	2	2	2	0
Broidy, 2d b.	2	1	4	2	3	Snigg, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Hayes, r. f.	1	3	2	1	1	Daley, s. s.	0	0	4	3	4
Dorscher, 3d b.	0	1	0	2	0	Kelley, c.	1	2	8	5	1
Shoup, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0	Woodhead, 3d b.	1	1	1	0	0
Nichols, p.	0	0	0	4	1	Rohan, r. f.	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	3	6	27	16	10	Totals	13	18	27	16	10

Haymaker	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—3
Manchester	0	0	0	6	3	0	0	2	2	0—13

Earned runs—Manchester, 2. Two-base hits—Kelley, 2; Woodhead, 1; Snigg, 1; Daley, 1. Three-base hits—O'Rourke, 1; Cogswell, 1; Rohan, 1. Double-plays—Hayes, Caskin, 1. Umpire, J. Simmons, Rochester.

HUDSON vs. NATICK.

Sept. 17 a game was played by these clubs at the Middlesex South Agricultural Society Fair for a purse of $75 and the county championship. The Hudsons, although outfielded, won, making the only run scored. The beaten club reached third base three times, and the Hudsons only twice. The features were the striking of Shaughnessy and Driscoll, a fine pick-up by Coolidge, a good fly-catch by Robinson, a fine assist to first, and a double-play of Tierney and Coolidge.

HUDSON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	NATICK.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
W. A. Howe, c	4	0	0	6	3	4	Lamb, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Tierney, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	1	Cole, s. s.	4	0	0	3	4	1
Shaughn'y, p	5	0	3	2	9	1	Seery, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Robinson, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Porter, 1st b	4	0	0	4	0	0
Egan, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	0	Hamilton, 2b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Sheridan, c. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0	Driscoll, p.	4	0	2	1	10	1
Baker, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	2	Gill, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Locke, r. f.	3	0	1	0	1	0	Wemen'y, r.f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Cox, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	4	2	Bergh, c.	4	0	0	12	2	1
Totals	33	1	7	27	23	11	Totals	36	0	6	27	20	4

Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Natick	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire, J. J. Sweeney of the Clintons. Time, 2h.

BUFFALO vs. STAR.

The full score of the game between the above clubs at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, the result of which was given in our last issue, is as follows:

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crowley, c.	5	1	1	7	0	0	Hotaling, c. f.	4	0	4	0	0	1
Allen, 3d b.	5	1	1	0	0	0	Farrel, 2d b.	4	0	2	3	2	3
Eagler, s. s.	5	1	1	1	3	0	Sargent, 3b	4	0	1	2	2	0
Libby, 1st b.	5	1	1	7	0	0	McKin'on, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	1
Galvin, p.	4	0	0	3	3	2	McClure, c.	4	1	1	14	3	3
Fulmer, 2d b.	4	0	0	4	3	0	McC'mick, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hornung, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Mansell, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Mack, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	Derby, r. f., p.	3	0	1	0	9	1
Force, s. s.	4	2	1	2	1	0	Tracy, s. s.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	40	9	9	27	8	3	Totals	34	1	7	27	21	10

Buffalo	1	2	1	3	2	0	0	0	0—9
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Earned runs—Buffalo, 2. Two-base hits—Fulmer, 1; Crowley, 1; Allen, 1; Force, 1. Double-plays—Carpenter, Farrel and McKinnon. First base on errors—Crowley, 1; Fulmer, 1; Mansell, 1. Umpire, E. Kelly.

HAYMAKER vs. UTICA.

Although outplaying the local team, both in the field and at the bat, the Utica Club were on Sept. 17 beaten by the Haymakers in a ten-inning game at Troy, N. Y.

UTICA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HAYMAKER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Latham, 2b.	5	1	2	1	3	0	Hall, c.	5	1	2	9	2	0
Kennedy, l.f.	5	1	2	2	0	2	Clapp, 1st b.	5	2	0	14	1	0
Richm'nd, s. s	6	2	2	1	2	1	Mansell, l. f.	5	3	3	0	0	1
Rich'dson, c.	6	2	2	7	1	0	Haskins, c.	5	2	2	7	1	0
Purcell, r. f.	5	1	3	0	0	1	Briody, 2d b.	5	0	2	3	3	0
M'Guin's, 1b.	4	0	1	15	0	1	Hayes, r. f.	5	0	0	1	0	1
Smith, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	5	0	Dorscher, 3b.	5	0	2	0	2	1
Bushong, c.	4	0	1	6	2	0	Shoup, s. s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Alcott, p.	4	0	1	1	10	2	Nichols, p.	4	0	0	2	3	3
Totals	43	8	16	30	20	9	Totals	43	10	11	30	17	10

Utica	4	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—8
Haymaker	0	0	0	3	0	5	0	0	0	2—10

Runs earned—Utica, 4; Haymaker, 2. Two-base hit—Richardson. Three base hits—Latham, Purcell. Home run—Caskins. Umpire, Thomas Rankin of Troy. Time, 2h.

FLYAWAY JR. vs. OSSEO.

These New York clubs played a game on the Osseo Grounds Sept. 18, the result of which was as follows:

| FLYAWAY JR. | R. | IB. | PO. | A. |

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Sept. 23.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott, Emma
Antonio, Tillie
Arnold, Ella
Branscombe, Mande 3c.
Anson, Hattie
Audley, Ollie
Allyne, Kittie
Arnett, Jennie
Beaumont, Stella
Banks, Mrs. J. H.
Burritt, Florence
Byron, Lizzie
Brent, Mrs. Julia R.
Budworth, Emma
Bradley, Leanora
Cavella, Mrs. Rosa S.
Carey, Elanor 5c.
Cimetop, Lucy
Carrera Sisters
Corelli, Blanche
Collins, Mrs. Martha Wren-Courtright, Mrs Wm.
Connelly, Sadie
Clancey, Veni G.
Campell, Annie
DiMurska's Co.
Bus. Manager Deimay, Lulu
Daily, Alice
Dickinson, Anna E.
Van Dusen, Jr., Mrs. M.
Eytinge, Rose
Emmonds, Julie
Elliott, Lottie
Ellis, Florence (Sapphо)
Ellis, Romie
Florence, Lizzie
Goss, Mrs. J. (2)
Gilmore, Alice (2)
Gilday, Fannie Bean-Gray-Watkins, Ada
Girard, Eva
Grant, Alice
Hutchins, Eliza
Hindle, Annie
Hermann, Belle
Hessenbruch, Mrs. M. E.
Hoffman, Emma
Harland, Miss (of London, Eng. 8c
Howland, Rose (song-and-dance)
Iierd Sisters
Jamieson, Mrs. Nellie
Johnston, Minnie
Jewell, Alice
Jourdan, Alice
Knease, Mrs. Nelson (3)
Lynwood, Ada
Lucille, Fannie
Lenner, Ogie
Leonard, Mrs.
Linden, Louise
Lynton, Ethel
Lewis, Carrie
Leroy, Bebe
Leigh, Georgie (of Rentz's Minst.)
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
La Monte, Allie
Morris, Ida
Markoe, Daisie
McAllister, Phosa
Mordaunt, Marian
Mortimer, Estelle
Moore, Flora
Morris, Ida (2)
Matthews, Mrs. Lauretta
Morgan, Jennie
McDowell, Fannie
Morse, Mrs Louisa
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Martelle, Millie
Nelson, Sara
Oates, Mrs. Alice (2)
Palmer, May
Pice, Minnie
Parker, Lizzie 5c.
Pascoe, Miss
Peary, Hallie
Pressey, Emma
Quinn, Mrs. Barney
Rignold, Fannie
Ruperts, Florence
Ranson, Alice O.
Reynolds, Mrs.
Shepperd, Allie
Sargent, Lillie
Sanyeah, Mrs. Sandi
Seymour, Mrs. H. L.
Scott, Mrs. Wm
Sandford, Nellie
Serrano, Mrs. Eligio (2)
Stetson, Louisa (2)
Spaulding, Georgie Beaudelaire
St. Felix, Clementine
Tudor, Mrs. 18c.
Tudor, Amy
Vaughn, Effie 3c.
Vartalio, Miss C.
Waugh, Amelia,
Western, Ollie
Wilkes, Agarita
Wakeman, Annie
Weathersby, Eliza
Ward, Mrs. F. B.
Wilson, Carrie
Yeamans, Lydia

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arlington, Wm.
Aldrich, Louis
Allen, Geo. E.
Alton, W. H.
Adams, Yank
Aaron, Johnny
Aiken, Sol
Auber, A. A.
Bryant, Neil
Blaisdell, W. B.
Buckley, Billy
Biddle, Alex
Blodgett, Harvey
Bentz, Henry
Brimmer, Bob & Nellie
Bush, I. T.
Binney, Frank
Bretford, C. D.
Baker, W. F.
Bent, B. C.
Burns, Chip
Brown & Barnes
Bleeker, Sylvester
Bowron, W. L.
Baldrey, Geo. (2)
Brooks, Ellie
Byron, Fred
Barry, Billy
Bryant & Manning
Bingham, J. W.
Bardwell, F. H.
Bray, W.
Bland, Jas. A. 9c.
Batchelor, J. F.
Barry, Dave
Berkley, J. W.
Barney, Master
Barlow Bros.
Booth, Edwin
Brown, Will R.
Clark, Jas. (banjoist)
Chase, W.
Cole, W. W.
Carver, Dr.
Cressville, J. A.
Carroll, E.
Correlis, Bob (2)
Carter, J. H.
Cottin, F. (of Bretton Co.)
Clarke, Harry (Irish "bit")
Coup, Frank
Carroll, Johnny
Cook, Jno. H.
Collins Bros.
Doniy, F. A.
Coleman, D. W.
Carey, Thos.
Cook, Woods
Cromwell & Elder
Collins, A. S.
Campbell, R. C. (agent)
Collins, Ben (song-writer)
Dumont, Frank
Dumont, Chas.
De Forrest, Frank (3)
Devere, Sam
Davis, Jas.
Driscoll, Timothy
Duncan, A. (ventriloquist)
Dunning, C. H.
Dixon, Henry
Denier, Tony
Davis, Homer
Daily, Bobby
Dupree, C. H.
Duffy & Wells
Dingess, J. A. (2)
Doris, J. B.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dillon, John
Doris, John
Ewers, Charlie
Everett, Will
Emmet, J. K.
Ferguson & Mack
Freise, A.
Burritt, Chas.
Fleury, Fernando
Fish, Jas. S.
Forrest, Billy
Forrest, Bruce 2
Forepaugh, Adam
Franckun, Geo.
Freise, Mr.
Faustin, M.
Frohman, Dan.
Foster & Hughes
Forrester, W. (of Rice's Co.)
Geyer, Albert
Gulick, James T.
Gibson, F. M.
Gladstone, Sam (2)
Gill, W. S.
Goldrick, P. M.
Gayler, J. C. (of Barnum's Circus)
Guise, A.
Gerry, D. S.
Gallagher, Mike
Gibson, F. S. (2)
Gallagher, Mack
Grant, Edward
Gibson, Frank
Gramen, J. A.
Gulick, Joseph A.
Gorman Bros.
Golden, Richd
Heinrich, Ferd.
Hall, Frank
Hall & De Bar
Haistead, Jas.
Harris, Jas.
Hallett, T. E. (2)
Haverly's Minstrels
Hogan, W. M.
Hicks, John D.
Harte, F. B.
Hamilton, W. H.
Howard, Rollin
Higgins, Prof.
Hall, Harry
Hennessy Bros. (2)
Herschfield, Hugo
Prichard, Spencer
Haniey, Dr. T. (of Howe's Circus)
Haniey, A. P.
Harrington, Frank
Irving, Phil. H.
Jesse, Master
Julian, Prof.
Jones, Arnold
Kendall, H. J.
Kirk, H. F.
Kenderson, D. S.
Kendrick, W. A.
King, G. W.
Keene, J. P.
Leotards, The
Langdon, W. H.
Long, T. B.
Lyle, Jas.
Lawson & Jones
Lennan, J. T. (manager)
Lavasion & Leoni
Leopold, E.
Lang, Joe
Lawton, Fred
Little, Dick 6c.
Lorella, T. A.
Little, Chas. (musician)
La Rue, W. (of La Rue Family)
Lewith, A. H.
Mok, J. S.
Mack, Johnny
Morris & Green
Melville, M.
Moore, G. H.
Miller, Prof. Wm.
Murphy, Con T
Morin, John
Moore, Horace
Moore, Neil
Mayo, Wm.
Mitchell, J. H.
Mishler, J. D.
Martin, Harry (manager)
Madison & Rice (2)
Monroe & Azurine.
Frank McDonnell, Robt.
Mcsilone, Pete
Marsella, Mons. (juggler, etc.)
Morris, Charlie
Montague & Morton
Mosisco, Walter
Morrell, A. C.
Monroe, Frank
Murray, J. (of Morgan Bros. Co.)
Munkel, John
McDonald, Felix
Mahoney & Johnson
Mordaunt, Frank
Morris & Fields
Mrkin, Sam
Moreland, A. C. (2)
McKee, Andrew
Morris, Wm.
Morris, Ben
Moore, Neil
Nobles, Milton
Nein, Tommy (Irish "bit")
Nicholls, B. Hamilton
Orrin Bros.
Osborn, Harry
Ocie, Master
Parksman, J. J.
Parker, Prof.
Perry, O. H.
Plunkett, Sr., Chas.
Petrie, W. O. 6c.
Peters, J. (of Japanese Co.) 15c.
Rooney, Patrick
Roberts, Nick (2)
Ronaldo, Harry
Robinson, Billy
Rhodes, F. B.
Ryan, S. E.
Rentfrow, J. N.
Raymond & Murphy
Pedanto, Mr.
Primrose, G. H.
Prichard, Spencer
Ricker, Robt.
Rubini, P.
Sully, W. J. (2)
Sandford, A. G.
Stickney, Robt.
Scott, Wm.
Sanyeah, Sam
Stuart, W. H. (2)
Scanlan & Cronin
Sheridan, F. R.
Sanderson, B. S.
Stetson, Chas.
Stowe, W. H.
Sanford, J. L.
Springer, Andrew
Sleeper, Mr.
Scully & Barry (2)
Sprague, D. S.
Sullivan, C. S.
Stanhope, H. W.
Sleeper, Hal
Sadler, Thos.
Stevens, Richd.
Seymour, O. T.
Salvanis, Billy
Stevens, John A. (2)
Searle, Cyril (2)
Star, Frank
Steinberg, E.
Steele, G. K.
Sivalls, Chas.
Stanley, Ernest
Stelzer, B. T.
Thorne, Harry
Turner, Ned
Tinkham, E. A.
Tillotson, Dick
Tillottson, Fred
Thompson, Harry
Torne & Chrisdler
Voos, Alwill
"Variety Theatre"
Von Boyle, Acland
Vandenhoff, John
Wingfield, John
Warfield, Tom
Wallace, Jack
Willis, Fred. A. (2)
Welch, James
Whetiony, Leon
Winnett, Thos. H. (2) 3c.
Warren & Lottie
Wood & Beasley
Winship, Jr., G. C.
Walton, E. L.
Wills, J. E.
Whitney, Johnny
Winter, J. P.
Warfield, Tom
Young, Fred
Young, C. A.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Madison (Wis.) Post-office for FRANK Shade and Geo. W. Gilbert, of Howe's London Show.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office on Sept. 1 for T. Hendu, Agent Mendelsohn Quintette Club (3); Charles Hunt, Agent Holbrook's Bell-ringers; C. E. Hanchett, Manager Buffalo Bill's Combination; Thomas Reid, of Suleren Clemise Co.; Frank C. Bangs; Sam Johnson, of Columbus Co.; Frank C. Bangs; W. Hemill; T. Skiff, Manager Hyers' Sisters Co.; and Thomas Gilreg.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, '78.

After a week of bilious, unintermittingly-feverish and debilitating weather, the Sabbath-day broke bright and beautiful, with a crisp, "eager air," and the sun came up smiling, spreading its cheering rays in every direction, lighting up the dark spots of metropolitan highways and byways, and guiding the early bird in its hostile pursuit of the still earlier but more unfortunate worm. And this morning is like unto it, opening clear and cool, and making glad the hearts of impatient coal-dealers who have the happy knack of getting paid for "long" tons, and, like Wall-street brokers, delivering "short." The unseasonably warm weather was not conducive to big business at the theatres, and a few of them suffered great "inconvenience" in consequence thereof. Among the exceptions to the rule was J. K. Emmet, who opened at the Grand Opera-house filled that immense establishment in every part. Joseph is now one of the most profitable meteors flitting across the theatrical firmament. The San Francisco Minstrels were also among the favored ones of the week, their comfortable house being nightly filled by live men and ladies fair, the latest en-compassed in the latest designs from Paris, and giving a gay and debonair air to the auditorium. On Saturday evening there was an overflow, and the Frisco boys were comparatively happy. If you take time by the four-o'clock, you may be in season to keep Monday's appointment at Wallack's Clock;" but should you miss the connection, by walking a short distance farther down Broadway you will be in ample time to see and hear the model Strasburg clock, which, like Death on the Pale Horse, has "all seasons for its own." Ada Cavendish also did a fair share of business, and, in keeping with the performances of Saturday night, she concluded to run to Toronto, which, at times, is a profitable place to run to. At her benefit on Friday evening Ada recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" without additional charge, and she smote them like a Western whirlwind. In good luck, also, were Harrigan & Hart, who witnessed nightly assets in excess of their liabilities, and now the young managers are inspecting eligible sites on Fifth-avenue with a view to future operations in real estate. Den Thompson pursued the even tenor of his way at the Lyceum, but it was an uphill task with him; that house has never been a mint to any performer or manager, and in most cases it is like the experience of a three-card-monte player, viz.: "The more you put down, the less you take up." Wallack's was almost as unfortunate, a series of slim houses culminating in the wind-up of an unpremeditated preliminary season on Friday evening, with Brothers Wallack and Boucicault and "Clarissa Harlowe" as chief mourners at the funeral ceremonies. "Oh-ye tears!" etcetera. It is like unto this premature manner pegged out a like unpremeditated preliminary season at the Union-square Theatre on Friday evening, wherein Brother Henderson and Sister Waller wiped their weeping eyes, while Gail Hamilton stood calmly by to stay the conflicting emotions which raged within their breasts, as the jury of inquest returned "An Open Verdict," and "We do proven." [A word with you in confidence, gentle reader, or otherwise, as seemeth best: Gail Hamilton did write that unsuccessful play, all doubts to the contrary notwithstanding, and "all persons infringing her right will be dealt with to the utmost extent of the law." It is probable that hereafter there will be a lull in this Gail, although the "Hurricanes" at the Park will continue for some time longer. You will, with your usual consideration and courtesy, excuse this inexcusable digression.—ED.].....Among other noteworthy events of the week was the pursuit of John E. McDonough by Catherine Mayhew, in re "M'liss," and the casting of John E. out of the cast; and so, this week, the lady will play a long part in "M'liss;" while the party of the second part will rise again—yes, he will come forth as good as new, clad in suitable raiment, and, in the custody of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the unforunate "M'liss" may brace up, and claim our kind offices in behalf of neighbor McDonough.....and yet another unpreliminary season terminated in sackcloth and ashes at the Union-square Theatre, on Saturday evening, when the last dying speech of "Olivia" was uttered, and Fanny Davenport was chief among the sad-eyed pallbearers.

TOUCHING REFRAIN.

She had a little "Larry" once—
It was Wills' darling pride—
He loved it, ah, perhaps, too well;
She o'er it wept and sighed.

Goes to meet "Jane Shore" and "Clarissa Harlowe."

.....Owing to the tumble of many of the new attractions of this campaign, it may not inaptly be termed a *fall* season.....Fresh from fields of living green, from mountain crag and valley deep, come ye Pastoral troubadours on peaceful conquest intent. In other words, Tony Pastor and his great troupe, just returned from California and the cities of the teeming West, will enter upon fairer land this evening, when they open a brief season at the Grand Opera-house. There will be a rush to welcome the Pastor and his flock, and to inspect the martial bearing of his Kernells. [Pronounce this as you would colonels of the War of 1812.—ED.] Go early, push your way to the head of the column, and victory is yours. [This military language we learned in 1862, when we were unceremoniously forced as a high private into the home-guard, a domestic institution in great favor at that time.—ED.].....Ministers of the Gospel now visit some of those establishments devoted to the lighter form of theatrical entertainments. On Thursday evening last, accompanied by an official body-guard, Brother Talmage, and another divine whose name shall be nameless, visited the Cremorne and the Buckingham, and other places that fight it out on the Sixth-avenue line all Winter, and then and there did possess their souls in patience as they viewed the scene so charming; the dear brethren expressing thanks for the pleasure the visit afforded them, and for the courtesies extended to them by the "play-people." Thus has another barrier that divided the Church and the Stage been broken down, thus has been cemented a bond of friendship between a much misrepresented class of our best citizens and the ever-courteous managers and performers at our places of rational amusement. The dear brethren may come again without money and without price.

.....We told you last week about sending "Our Jim" to see the three-legged horse, but we little suspected then what the boy had in mind. The suspected then what the boy had in mind. The day after his visit he came to us with the appended original lines. After reading them we resolved that the boy should never again be subjected to the temptation of making poetry. And as an awful warning we resolved to put

OUR JIM IN COLD TYPE.

I've heered of horses measuring
As high as seventeen hand,
Though what such language signifies
I don't quite understand.
This yere three-feeted animile
Aint got no hands at all;
But you can bet your bottom chip
He's only one yard tall!

Cause why? The thing that makes of him
A quite attractive card
Is just because he's got three feet—
And aint three feet a yard?

.....It may not be known to you that Colonel Nicholas Smith is to lecture this evening on what the advertisement calls "The Plea for Tramps." Probably this is a typographical error, a P having usurped the place of an F. Compositors should be more careful..... Don't things happen strangely? That was a highly dramatic situation on Saturday, when, on the spire of the Western Union Telegraph office, a number of men, with ity perplexity, their efforts to remove the time-ball, suddenly ceased from their labors, sought to regain terra firma, and exclaimed in their frenzy:

"Backward, turn backward, O, Time! in thy flight;"
why? Well, just as they were about to "take a ball" a swarm of bees darted out and stung them "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is!" And to think that this should happen at a time when the form of Col. Thorpe, the original "Bee-hunter," lay cold in death at his residence in this city.....'Man with a organ been playin' 'Home, Sweet Home' for two hours, right under your window?" Well, why don't he *go* home, if it is sweet? "He's a object of charity, and wants a little assistance, if you please—them's his wurds." Is it a monkey-organ? "No, it's purely legitimate—on the Wagon-er style." Woman and children with him? "Yes; but they hainst no weepers." 'Tis well; give him this three-cent piece, but don't let your right hand know what your left is doing. "Sold again, by Jupiter, and a day!.....Wallack's and Son," a domestic drama, is announced at the Union-square Theatre for Tuesday evening, Sept. 24. It ought to fill the family-circle with delight; but is there not danger that an injunction will be served on the managers between now and to-morrow, and thus end the alleged existence of "Mother and Son"? No dramatic piece is secure in these days of injunction, and no public peace is secure with it.....Ever since Betty Harpe the ballet dancer undertook to get nearer heaven than Deadwood is, by means of a fire balloon, which burned her dress, we have been reflecting that a little verse might soothe her. Hence we strike the harp

ON THE ASCENSION OF MADAME ——.

Oh, way out in Deadwood, Dakotah,
They had a fair Harpe and they smote 'er;
Yes, played a rough tune
In the air,
On Betty, the Harpe of Dakotah!

.....We are surprised. You will remember that, a few months ago, Fritz Emmit got hit on the nose while defending his former agent Rogers against certain alleged allegations from the latter's memory. And, Rogers has just got out an attachment against Emmit on an alleged claim for back dues. Had Fritz known of this at the time of the fracas in Union-square, Rogers would have found no defender, Zimmerman would not have been charged with untruthfulness, the miller and his Zimmerman would not have sought one another with hostile intent, gore would not have flowed, and the classic ground of Union-square would not have been shaken to its centre by deadly blows! "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity."..... And talking about charity reminds us of the visit of an angelic committee to the manager of the "Evangeline" troupe, out West, to ask aid for the yellow-fever sufferers. They went away showering blessings on his head. Another instance where virtue triumphed over Rice. [Jimmy, does it chime in all right? "It's not such as *I* would make, but with a little explanation our virtuous readers may swallow Rice."].....A party advertises for "a gentleman to lecture on Irish views." Irish views about what? Another omission by the unintelligent compositor. Perhaps Emma Abbott and her Hesslan troupe entered Brooklyn last week, and took them completely by surprise. As Marguerite, Emma aroused them to a high pitch of excitement, and the entire opera was pronounced "Faust" rate. [This should be turned over to Mr. Bergh, who appeared as Faust the whole thing will fall flat.].....Maybe Jarrett & Palmer intend to set up a colony for colored people in England, and this "Uncle Tom" and jubilee business may be a delusion and a snare to further their ends. Stranger things than that have happened.....On Saturdays, if you wander along Broadway from Union-square, and want a little assistance, if you please—them's his wurds." Is it a monkey-organ? "No, it's purely legitimate—on the Wagon-er style." Woman and children with him? "Yes; but they hainst no weepers." 'Tis well; give him this three-cent piece, but don't let your right hand know what your left is doing. "Sold again, by Jupiter, and a day!".....Wallack's and Son," a domestic drama, is announced at the Union-square Theatre for Tuesday evening, Sept. 24. It ought to fill the family-circle with delight; but is there not danger that an injunction will be served on the managers between now and to-morrow, and thus end the alleged existence of "Mother and Son"? No dramatic piece is secure in these days of injunction, and no public peace is secure with it.....Ever since Betty Harpe the ballet dancer undertook to get nearer heaven than Deadwood is, by means of a fire balloon, which burned her dress, we have been reflecting that a little verse might soothe her. Hence we strike the harp

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Hugh Cottier died in Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 17. He was senior member of the firm of Cottier & Denton, well-known music-publishers of that city.....Mrs. Clara Rousby has again been in court. This time she has been fined five pounds for keeping a servant without a license, and twenty-five shillings for indulging in the luxury of a dog unaccompanied by a license.....Henry Burton, a quasi theatrical advertising agent whose attempt to extort money from Miss Emma Richards while she was singing in Central Park with a mace fraternity was construed into a case of grand larceny, was sentenced on Sept. 18 to five years in State prison.....August Wilhelmj's initial concert in America was held on the Brooklyn Rink on the 20th inst. Kulmann's "Italian Operatic Concert Company," which sailed from Havre, France, in the steamer Pereire on Sept. 14, should reach here to-day (Monday) or to-morrow.....Dr. Filippo Filippi, journalist and founder of the Wagner Society in Italy, died in that country recently; and Vienna reports the death, at the age of fifty-seven years, of Rudolph Willmers, a noted piano-player.....Miss Lottie Collins, who is to be needed at Coney Island this season, have been engaged for the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and begin there Sept. 29.....Among the amateur actors in New Orleans we notice the name of Mr. Bienvenu Renaud, which, on the night of Sept. 20, on which date Sig. Francesco, chief of Col. Mapleson's ballet, arrived here from London; Eng.....There is dismay in the hamlets on Harlem Flats, Col. Mapleson having shipped sixty-four choristers, nearly all Italians, to this country.....John H. Mitchell, brother of Maggie, lost his wife and daughter through the terrible scourge in Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 20.....Annette Watson, the accomplished equestrienne, is an applicant for divorce from her husband, W. L. Bowron the musician.....Mr. Lingham took the place of Arthur Dudley as Horace Holmcroft in "The Ivy Leaf," at the Broadway Theatre, last week.....Miss Laura Le Claire made her announced first appearance at that house Sept. 20, as the Widow in "The Lady of Lyons."..... Gilmore's Band is expected home about Thursday or Friday of the current week.....Litigation still continues in Brooklyn, N. Y., between Dr. S. Hopkins Keep, who is the husband of Miss Ida Sawyer, and Dr. Lester Keep, who is the father of Dr. S. H. K.....Christine Nilsson left Paris on Sept. 10 for England. Her husband, who had just returned from the States, estimates her losses in this country, through depreciation of real-estate and the insecurity of securities, at fully $100,000.....Nikolaus Rubinstein, brother of t'other and greater Rube, has recently made his Parisian debut, at the Russian concert.....The French capital is busy with the rumor that Adelina Patti and Nicolini are to part company.....Laura Harris the prima donna has gone from Paris to St. Petersburg, whence she will return to join Ullman for opera and concerts for a period of three years.....Among the opera troupe to be taken to Havana, Cuba, by Sig. Muzio, is Signorina Luisa Ormeni, a contralto who sang in Anton Rubinstein's concerts in this country. Elena Varesi of Her Majesty's, London, also goes with Muzio, as likewise does Alice Urban.....The son of John Guido and Marie Scheller, both of whom died of yellow-fever on Sept. 3, as chronicled in our columns some weeks ago, fell a victim to the same disease on the following day, in Vicksburg. Miss Annie Hindle, the well known impersonator of males, has become the wife of W. Long, and this week puts the Topak & Long Combination on the road.

CITY SUMMARY.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH chose as the second character in which to appear before an American audience Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," which she impersonated in the Broadway Theatre on the night of Sept. 20 and matinee 21, repeating at her other performances Mercy Merrick in "The New Magdalen." Her Pauline differs materially from that of any other actress we have seen. While she was lacking in that dignity and pride referred to in the text during the earlier scenes, she invested the character in the third and fourth acts with so much vitality and nervous force that she carried the audience with her. While the correctness of her conception may be questioned, it cannot be denied that the effect of her embodiment upon a miscellaneous audience is highly effective. She does not show us the perfection of a character attained by gradual growth, but rather depicts in strong colors and with almost electrical quickness the effects which have been caused by surrounding situations. She became, therefore, an actress of impulse rather than of feeling. During the acts referred to she filled the entire stage, and overshadowed to a great extent all the other characters. The support was by no means brilliant, due mainly to the fact that the company had been left behind only for "The New Magdalen." Joseph Wheelock is to be credited with a painstaking and conscientious portrayal of Claude; George Becks, an excellent representative of Glavis, was compelled by force of circumstances, to play Beauseant, and endeavored to do his best, but was not fitted for the role. M. C. Daly gave a fair representation of the bluff old General Damas; J. H. Burnett made a good Glavis; Mrs. Carhart was fair as Mme. Deschapelles; and Miss Laura Le Clair was satisfactory as the widow of Pierre. Mountains of the pile the orchestra performed Wallenstein's overture, introducing the national anthems of all countries that took part in the Crimean War, after which Miss Cavendish recited with startling effect "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Her engagement, which closed Sept. 21, has been so successful that she has been engaged to appear in October.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE the performances of Sept. 16, 17, 18 and matinee 21 were devoted to "Evadne," thus cast: Evadne, Mary Anderson; Olivia, Agnes Elliott; the Page, Marie Boyd; Ludovico, Frank Mordaunt; Colonna, E. J. Buckley; the King, Harl Conway; Vincentio, E. L. McDonald; and Sanlaire, James Peachy. "Romeo and Juliet" was acted at the other performances. Miss Anderson in Juliet evinces a certain degree of improvement, having in many instances abandoned the use of the deeper tones of her voice, and her stilted and constrained style of elocution, substituting therefor natural and colloquial utterance. Still more is there room for improvement in this direction. The tragedy as a whole was not well acted. E. J. Buckley as Romeo frequently gave evidence of attaining excellence in that role, but sooner or later he did something to dispel that impression. Frank Mordaunt was physically unsuited to the character of Mercutio, and overacted the part, which somewhat too strongly of low comedy, yet there were bits here and there which deserve praise. F. R. Pierce made an excellent Friar Laurence, reading the dialogue impressively and with rare elocutionary skill. Owen Fawcett deserves praise for a careful and well-digested study of Peter. James Peachy was fair as Paris. The costumes and scenery were comfortable. The merits of Louise Eldridge as the Nurse are well known to our readers through her frequent repetition of that character. The rest of the cast fluctuated from fair to indifferent, the distribution being: Paris, Charles Villars; Capulet, L. F. Massen; Benvolio, Hart Conway; Balthazar, F. Jerome; Apothecary, J. R. Dunstan; and Lady Capulet, Laura Hawkins. The attendance during the week was fairly good.

THE FRESH ATTRACTIONS at the Theatre Comique last week included Lulu Francis, sorio-comic vocalist; James Messenger, who tossed about large cannon-balls almost as deftly as many jugglers do the small brass orbs customarily used; Annie Hindle, the well known male impersonator, and male impersonator, in a number of taking songs; Foley and Sheffer in a musical sketch called "Uncle Ike's Jubilee," introducing negro songs-and-dances, which enchained the attention of the audience; Devlin and Tracy, neat Irish sketch artists, who gave satisfaction, although they were seen under disadvantageous conditions, Mr. Devlin having just recovered from a severe attack of intermittent fever; Tommy Turner, in banjoisms, his eccentric manners, funny stories and comical songs elicited laughter; and Johnny Roach and Dick Stierley, who vocalized in the free-and-easy scene in the closing sketch of "Malone's Night Off," in which Corrigan and Hart have the chief characters, and the first-named sang a fresh and taking song, named "Such an Education Has My Mary Ann." Performances upon the musical glasses by Prof. A. W. Sawyer, feats on the trapeze by El Nino Eddie, and the sketches of vocalists by Harry Kennedy, the "Londonderry," with John Wild and Billy Gray in the chief characters, filled out the bill, which attracted a liberal attendance.

MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS, under the management of M. B. Leavitt, closed a week's season of successful business in Tony Pastor's Theatre Sept. 21, and the numerous openings with a fresh part, during which a number of young ladies attired in rich and fashionable costumes occupied the stage, Mr. E. T. Chapman officiating as interlocutor, John Gilbert as tambo and W. H. Chase as bones. Rosa Lee sang "Baby Mine;" W. H. Chase, "Effusions;" Kate Raynham, "Dance Lively, Johnny;" John Gilbert, "Beautiful Belle;" Sara Nelson, "Nancy Lee;" and for the finale the brass band played popular airs. In the olio Carrie Voos gave her musical specialties; Florie Plimsoll, a character change artist, sang "Good-bye, Polly" and "The Dashing Vivandiere;" John Gilbert gave songs-and-dances and comical recitations; Kate and Nellie McDermott danced a Lancashire clog; Hattie Forrest sang serio-comic songs; John Hogan gave Ethiopian comicalities; Hi Henry performed cornet-solos; and the burlesque of "Paris," introducing, besides the performers above named, Mabel Santley, Emily Holland, Ida Mortimer, Juliette Pascal and Alf. Anson, closed the bill.

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, last Saturday night, "Clarissa Harlowe" was shelved in favor of "The School for Scandal." John Brougham's performance of Sir Peter Teazle elicited much praise by William E. Burton as Sir Oliver Surface, was rapturously welcomed, as also was John Gilbert, who, next to William R. Blake and W. H. Chippendale, is the best Joseph Surface we have known these twenty odd years. The others who were prominent were Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface—fine at times, but not in the entirety; Edwin Adams, as C. K. Mortimer; Mrs. Vincent Wallack as Charlotte Barron, a superb Charles Surface, but *ex-officio* playing Joseph, a role that many "heavy-men" or scholarly actors have shown us, but never before a lady; Miss Jo. J. W. Wallack Jr.; W. R. Floyd in Brougham's old part, and E. L. Davenport's as well, of Sir Benjamin Backbite; E. M. Holland, that sinker of individuality, in the especial property of Sir Benjamin Backbite's last partner; Mrs. Boniface, sweet and winning as Maria; and Mme. Ponisi, once a corporeally rich Lady Teazle, but now among the three best Mr. Crabtrees on the stage. Miss Rose Coghlan, treading where Laura Keene, Julia Bennett Barrow, Mrs. John Hoey, and Miss Madeline Henriques had so often shone as Lady Teazle, was on dangerous ground, and while she is not exactly at home in the screen-scene, but upon the whole quite acceptable. The charm of her dresses added to the marked flavor of her personality, which of itself is sufficient to make her a favorite. Miss Pearl Eytinge, who is altogether too young for the part, was ridiculously cast for Lady Sneerwell; and Harry Beckett was an experimental Crabtree, but not a success. Upon this we learn that an old woman who had recently died in Paris left in her will a large sum of money for the purpose of erecting a monument to her memory. Rogers has just got out an attachment against Emmit on an alleged claim for back dues. Had Fritz known of this at the time of the fracas in Union-square, Rogers would have found no defender, Zimmerman would not have been charged with untruthfulness, the miller and his Zimmerman would not have sought one another with hostile intent, gore would not have flowed, and the classic ground of Union-square would not have been shaken to its centre by deadly blows! "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity."..... And talking about charity reminds us of the visit of an angelic committee to the manager of the "Evangeline" troupe, out West, to ask aid for the yellow-fever sufferers. They went away showering blessings on his head. Another instance where virtue triumphed over Rice. [Jimmy, does it chime in all right? "It's not such as *I* would make, but with a little explanation our virtuous readers may swallow Rice."].....A party advertises for "a gentleman to lecture on Irish views." Irish views about what? Another omission by the unintelligent compositor. Perhaps Emma Abbott and her Hesslan troupe entered Brooklyn last week, and took them completely by surprise. As Marguerite, Emma aroused them to a high pitch of excitement, and the entire opera was pronounced "Faust" rate. [This should be turned over to Mr. Bergh, who appeared as Faust the whole thing will fall flat.].....Maybe Jarrett & Palmer intend to set up a colony for colored people in England, and this "Uncle Tom" and jubilee business may be a delusion and a snare to further their ends. Stranger things than that have happened.....On Saturdays, if you wander along Broadway from Union-square, and want a little assistance, if you please—them's his wurds." Is it a monkey-organ? "No, it's purely legitimate—on the Wagon-er style." Woman and children with him? "Yes; but they hainst no weepers." 'Tis well; give him this three-cent piece, but don't let your right hand know what your left is doing. "Sold again, by Jupiter, and a day!.....Wallack's and Son," a domestic drama, is announced at the Union-square Theatre for Tuesday evening, Sept. 24. It ought to fill the family-circle with delight; but is there not danger that an injunction will be served on the managers between now and to-morrow, and thus end the alleged existence of "Mother and Son"? No dramatic piece is secure in these days of injunction, and no public peace is secure with it.....Ever since Betty Harpe the ballet dancer undertook to get nearer heaven than Deadwood is, by means of a fire balloon, which burned her dress, we have been reflecting that a little verse might soothe her. Hence we strike the harp

"A FALSE TITLE," a comedy in four acts by Frederick Clark, was produced in the Standard Theatre Saturday night, Sept. 21, cast as follows: Lord Kensington, alias Victor Temple.....Eben Plympton Tom Tilbrook, alias Lord Towercourt.....Gustavus Levick Jonathan Webster, uncle to Florence.....Ben Maginley Charley Wabash, a young gentleman of the "street,"

B. T. Ringgold

Titus Avery, "laying for an heiress".....Charles Leclercq
Francois, a servant.....
Florence Whittier, an heiress.....Miss Rose Osborne
Mrs. Olivia Brown, her aunt.....Mrs. Jordan
Mrs. Manhattan, a "Knickerbocker".....Mrs. Poole
Valerie Manhattan, her daughter.....Miss May Davenport

The scenery of the first act, representing a gorge in the White Mountains, was very beautiful and realistic, and it evoked liberal applause; that of the other acts represented the interiors of drawing rooms in New York City residences. Although the materials used in the construction of the piece are old, and many of the chief situations are strongly suggestive of others seen in many familiar plays, yet the author, by the introduction of many amusing incidents and by the excellence of his dialogue, has invested the piece with sufficient zest and piquancy not only to avoid a failure, but to secure quite a respectable success. He deserves encouragement not only as a native author, but because he displays qualifications which, we think, will enable him to attain the fruition of his aspirations after more extended practice. His chief faults are his failure to be his inability to keep the interest of the story evenly sustained, and to approach the climax by well-regulated stages. This was shown by the second act of the comedy being the best in point of interest, and by overshadowing in a measure the third act, caused that to appear somewhat weak. He displayed considerable skill in delineating the principal characters, who have a direct connection with the story of the plot; but with the others he seems somewhat "at sea." Charley Wabash and Titus Avery could be left out without detriment to the story, and the two match-making elderly ladies, whenever they are left alone on the stage together, which occurs some half a dozen times during the comedy, give us only in other words a repetition of their first scene, which betrays some poverty of invention upon the author's part. The story is as follows: In the first act we see all of the characters (save Jonathan Webster and a French servant, Francois), who have been rambling in the mountains, and, becoming fatigued, pause for rest. Mrs. Manhattan and Mrs. Brown commence to intrigue for the capture of Lord Towercourt, who is no other than Tom Tilbrook, a notorious adventurer, for a son-in-law. Tower-court, who had been paying some attention to Mrs. Manhattan's daughter, Valerie, upon learning that she would inherit only one hundred thousand dollars, while Mrs. Brown's niece, Florence Whittier, is an heiress to a million, decides to woo the latter, who, however, treats him with indifference. Victor Temple (in reality Lord Kensington), who comes upon the scene for his sketching outfit, which he left behind him, makes the acquaintance of the company and is attracted by Florence, who is an enthusiastic admirer of art. As the young ladies subsequently stroll off to continue their ramble, Florence falls over a cliff into a river, and is rescued from drowning by Victor Temple as the act ends. The action of the second act takes place in Mrs. Brown's house, in New York, upon the occasion of Florence's birthday, when numerous guests come to pay her their respects. Among the presents she receives is a diamond crown from the would-be Lord Towercourt, offered through Valerie Manhattan and coldly received. Later Victor Temple arrives and presents her as his token with a little sketch he has made of the gorge in the White Mountains where they first met, which she accepts with rapture. An amusing incident, which took well with the audience, is here interpolated. After the guests have retired to the conservatory, where, a fortune-teller, they become very much intoxicated and accompanied by his inseparable friend, Charley Wabash. While the latter goes in search of the young ladies, Titus mistakes a life-sized marble statue that occupies a niche in the room for a new apartment for the object of his adoration, Florence Whittier. He declares his passion, and as he is upon his knees, begging her to accept a ring offered him, Florence's bluff old uncle enters and ejects him from the house. Victor and Florence return and the former pours forth his passionate avow

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., correspondent forwards the appended report of amusements, dated Sept. 14:

At the California "Our Bachelors," through the medium of the humorous acting of Robson and Crane, has scored a brilliant artistic and pecuniary success, and is nightly witnessed by crowded and enthusiastic audiences, who fairly scream with laughter at the comical impersonations of Bangle and Jowler. "Forbidden Fruit" will be produced 16, and "The Two Men of Sandy Bar" 23. The extra matinee 13, generously tendered by Gen. Barton in aid of the yellow fever sufferers, was a great success, and netted $2,600. The programme embraced operatic selections by Alice Oates and her company; readings by Miss Marie Prescott, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and Miss Mary L. Young; specialties by Gus Williams; "Stewpan Song" by W. H. Crane; the cat-duet by Mathilde Cottrelly and Mr. p. Urban of the German Theatre Company; vocalis solo by Master Mitchell Barnet; a ten minutes' talk with little boys and girls by Stuart Robson; and vocal selections by the California Quartet of Haverly's Minstrels. The excellence of the performance was only equaled by the warm and cordial reception accorded to each volunteer by the large and fashionable audience assembled ..... At Baldwin's, not withstanding the beauty of "Olivia" and the excellence of the cast, a lack of sufficient appreciation on the part of the public compelled the management to withdraw it and substitute "The Octoroon" 11. Miss M. Revel as Paul and Miss Frankie McClellan as Dora Sunnyside, are favorites. H. Barton appears as Uncle Pete. W. H. Fitzgerald as Col. Poindexter, A. D. Bradley as Sunnyside, and Miss Nelly Wetherell as Zoe. Miss Alice Moore will appear in "Struck C. Williamson and Miss Annie Ward in "Jim the Penman," and then "The Chinese Question" 16 ..... For the OJO and then "The Chinese Question" 16 ..... For the Bush-street Mr. Scott-Siddons and S. W. Piercy have been playing to poor business at the Grand Opera-house, although their efforts deserved better house, although their efforts deserved better house, although their efforts deserved better

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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